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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE armaments race is proceeding steadily. Herr Hitler's proclamation of a half-million conscript army for Germany has naturally stimulated French increases—though the Germans would doubtless be right in saying that these increases, like the British, had already been decided on. It was announced on Wednesday that France was going to spend an extra £23,000,000 in bringing her Air Force up to date—a warning contrast, we are being told by our own alarmists, to the paltry additions voted for the British Air Force on Tuesday! This mad competition can only be checked by the establishment of—not lip service to—a system of collective security. Unhappily the growing hopes of that have been diminished by the events of last week—the German action and the French reaction. It remains to be seen whether counsels of common sense will prevail at the forthcoming meeting of the French and Italian Ministers with Mr. Eden in Paris.

Paramountcy?

The White Paper dealing with the objections of the Indian Princes to the Bill has now been published, but the dispute is as mysterious as ever. The points at issue in the actual text of the Bill do not appear to be of the first importance, and to the outsider it seems that Sir Samuel Hoare's drafting amendments meet all of them or most of them. One asks whether the purpose of the Princes really is to haggle over these minutiae, or whether they are trying to challenge the whole doctrine of Paramountcy as hitherto understood. It is clear from Sir Samuel's despatch that the same question has crossed his mind. The position, as we see it, is this. The Elder Statesmen called the Princes into this Federation in order to check Hindu democracy. This was so clumsily evident that at last even the Moslems of British India were disgusted and damned the whole project of Federation. Between the cross-fire of the Indian people and Mr. Churchill, the Princes now say in effect, "If the Empire expects us to play this unpopular role in the Federation, what price will it pay? We want freedom in future from the supervision and intervention of the Political Department." If that is the true reading of this curious affair, we suspect that the Princes have over-reached themselves. If it all ends in leaving them out, and in the grant of some less diluted and less property-ridden form of responsible government to British India alone, we believe that a calamity will be averted.

The Cost of Fanaticism

The news of the riot and slaughter at Karachi is deplorable enough in itself; we can only wait in suspense, hoping with no great confidence that the leaders of Moslems and Hindus will use the occasion to preach reconciliation rather than revenge. Horrible though the

slaughter was, it does not appear that any blame falls on the responsible officials unless it be for miscalculation, for a prompter show of force might have stopped the riot before it became dangerous. A Brahmin who had used offensive language in a history book about the Prophet Mohammed had appealed against a sentence of imprisonment. Three Moslem fanatics murdered him in open court. When one of them was executed the mob of Karachi, which venerated him as a martyr, marched to the cemetery, overpowered the police, and carried the corpse in triumphal procession back to the town. Here a handful of troops, after due warning and blank shots, stopped it with two rounds at close quarters. Over a hundred rioters were killed and wounded, but the Hindu quarters of the city were saved from an orgy of killing and loot. The *Times* draws the moral that the political separation of the two creeds by the system of communal electorates must be preserved at all costs. On the contrary, until they fuse and work together in parties with a secular basis, this feud will continue.

Work for the League

Abyssinia has this week very wisely insisted that her appeal shall be heard by the League, and this time she has stated her case bluntly under Articles 10 and 15 of the Covenant. In other words, she claims the League's aid in maintaining her integrity and independence, and calls upon it to act in a dispute likely to lead to a rupture. The Council, however, does not meet till May. Can one be sure that the Duce, whose aerial and military forces are now on the spot—chiefly in Eritrea, whence any advance on the capital would be made—will remain inactive for so long? The agreement, for what it may be worth, to delimit a neutral zone along the disputed frontier of the Ogaden province has in no way eased the political dispute. Italy still claims reparations and apologies for the Wal Wal incident before it is adjudicated, and still refuses to honour the Treaty of 1928, which provided for the arbitration of all such disputes. If in any formal sense the British Minister in Addis Ababa has been mediating, his efforts have met with no success. At any other moment one would congratulate Mussolini on the friendly gesture that he has made in Belgrade. To-day one asks if he is placating hostile neighbours in Europe in order to free his hands in Africa. The League must now prepare for a major test, and face a member whose respect for it is not much greater than Japan's. The event depends on the British and French Governments. If they should fail Abyssinia and sabotage the League, the widespread suspicion that Italy has bought their permission for a forward move in Africa will crystallise into conviction.

The New Deal in the Doldrums

President Roosevelt has settled his quarrel with the Senate over the Work-Relief Bill. Standard rates of wages are to be paid for work on public buildings; but otherwise the Administration is to have a free hand in fixing the pay of workers under the scheme. Thus, in the main, the President has got his way, and the American Federation of Labour has met with yet another defeat. In other respects the President's position is not so happy. The public utility holding companies are putting up a stout fight against the death-sentence that he had pronounced, and very slow progress is being made with the numerous Administrative measures now before Congress. About the N.R.A. practically nothing has been done, and there is even talk of allowing it to expire altogether. Undoubtedly Mr. Roosevelt has in general moved sharply to the Right in recent months. Probably he has realised that the American Federation of Labour has no real hold on the great majority of the working class, and that to fight its battles against Big Business brings no commensurate body of support to his side. Except in a very few industries, the "company union" is still dominant in the United States. Indeed, it is more than ever dominant; for under N.R.A. the company unions have grown much faster than the A. F. of L. The President's move to the Right is doubtless antagonising the Radicals; but they have still no leadership and no programme. Whether the growing opinion that the New Deal has shot its bolt will create a Radical leadership has still to be seen. Until it does, Mr. Roosevelt holds the field; for there is no visible alternative.

The Gold Bloc's Troubles

Belgium looks very like following Italy, not completely off the gold standard, but into a system of regulated exchanges that will preserve it in little more than name. For a long time past unemployment in Belgium has been very severe; and the country is so dependent on foreign trade as to feel the effects of an over-valued currency a good deal more than France. The French, in order to keep the Belgians in the gold *bloc*, have been trying to work out plans for increasing the mutual trade between the two countries. But this is none too easy, because many of their products are more competitive than complementary. It does not appear that Belgium proposes just yet to resort to a full scheme of import restrictions on the Italian model; but exchange operations are being centralised in the Bank of Belgium and fresh powers taken to regulate overseas payments. Meanwhile, the effects of the Italian restrictions have been somewhat mitigated by the temporary agreement reached this week between Italy and Great Britain. Imports are to be admitted from Great Britain up to 80 per cent. of last year's amounts; but payment in sterling is to depend on the quantities of sterling exchange in the possession of the Bank of Italy, all receipts from Italian exports to Great Britain being earmarked for this purpose. The blocked lira thus acquires a recognised international existence side by side with the blocked mark; and it looks as if the blocked belga will soon join the party. The resignation of the Belgian Government on Tuesday has, however, made the outlook for the moment somewhat obscure.

Special Areas

Sir Arthur Rose, Scottish Commissioner for Special Areas, gave an account of his stewardship on Monday at a meeting of the Scottish National Development Council. His hearers can hardly have been much impressed. Sir Arthur Rose is spending £8,500 on physical training centres for the unemployed, £20,000 as a grant-in-aid of occupational centres, £1,200 on Queen's Jubilee Nurses in distressed areas, and so on. He is thinking of making a walk along the banks of the Clyde, and of starting an

industrial farm for middle-aged unemployed miners; and he has bought an estate for £4,000 as an instructional centre, and feels confident he has got it cheap. All these may be admirable projects; but in relation to the magnitude of the problem of the distressed areas they do not amount to a row of beans. It sounded more impressive when he announced that plans for public works costing £500,000 were likely soon to be approved. But it was not clear that Sir Arthur Rose proposed to find most of this money, and his own estimate of the numbers to be employed on them was only a reference to "hundreds." We do not blame the Commissioner for the meagreness of this record. But it confirms our view that the Special Areas Scheme is, and is meant to be, very small beer.

The Speed Limit

Reports on the way in which the 30 m.p.h. speed-limit has so far worked are contradictory. There is the district where local wags have removed all the signs within reach; there are other districts where the limit seems to be working smoothly and with good effect. What the ultimate judgment will be it is far too early to say; in particular there has been insufficient experience of the plain-clothes tracker and his effect on (*a*) the observance of the law, and (*b*) the tempers of motorists. Numerous questions await an answer. One of them is whether the motorist who is driving to keep an appointment and finds himself restricted on controlled roads will not now drive faster on uncontrolled stretches in order to recover lost time. Another curious and unlooked-for result may be to narrow the radius of week-end settlement (the small extra time required for escaping to the outer regions may just make the difference) thereby saving some areas otherwise due for desecration by the speculative builder. If so, it may be a bull-point for the limit, but it will be a haphazard way of achieving an end which ought to have been reached by a planned solution of the land-traffic-building equation. In London the observed effect of the regulation has been to slow down the average pace considerably. While adding in some instances to congestion, this has in general increased the comfort and security of pedestrians.

Wages in 1934

British wages, according to the *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, remained practically unchanged in 1934; for, as the Ministry warns its readers against placing reliance on small recorded fluctuations, a rise of the index from 164 to 165 can reasonably be disregarded. Wages for full work are now about 65 per cent. above the 1914 level, whereas the cost of living has risen by about 41 per cent. But the wage advance is, of course, very unevenly distributed, even if part-time working is left out of account. Miners' wages in Northumberland are only 25 per cent. higher than in 1914, in Durham 29 per cent., in Scotland 30 per cent., and in South Wales 35 per cent., as compared with 49 per cent. in Yorkshire, 52 per cent. in Lancashire, and 60 per cent. in Notts and Derby. In engineering, labourers' rates are up by 84 per cent., and skilled men's by only 50-52 per cent. Shipyard labourers get 78 per cent. more, when they are in work, and skilled shipwrights only 44 per cent. Builders' labourers are up by 83 per cent., and skilled builders by 61-65 per cent. Cotton operatives are up by 38-39 per cent. Railwaymen's advances range from rather under 90 per cent. for the better paid grades to 120 per cent. for the lowest paid. Printers' wages are up by over 100 per cent., whereas in some branches of the iron and steel trades they have risen by less than 20 per cent. Of course, the amount of unemployment and short time differs greatly from trade to trade; and this greatly affects the level of real earnings, especially in mining, and textiles. But, if we ignore these important factors, *real* wages for full-time work appear, owing to the fall in prices, to have risen on the average by about 11 per cent. since 1929, whereas *money* wages appear to have fallen by from 3 to 4 per cent.

O.T.C.s

The L.C.C. has passed the recommendation of its Education Committee to withdraw support from O.T.C. contingents. Certain advocates sought to defend the O.T.C.s on the ground that they are valuable training for defence; this argument is cancelled out by that of the other apologists, who declare that the Corps have no possible military significance, but are useful for the physical training they give. The latter argument is nonsense. The cry that training young boys in O.T.C.s breeds a spirit of militarism has never had much in it; the main case against these institutions is that they are a waste of time, energy and money that could more usefully be spent in other ways. Other forms of physical exercise can do more good in a shorter space of time than protracted and exhausting manoeuvres carried out by children with obsolete and rather heavy rifles. And so long as there are alleged to be insufficient funds available for extending education, so long as there are children that lack sufficient nourishment, there can be little to say for expenditure on toy soldiering.

British Culture?

There is much to be said in favour of a body designed to develop the cultural relations between Great Britain and other countries; but the composition of the body formed this week for precisely that purpose fills us with surprise—the more so because it has apparently the full support of the Government, who propose to ask Parliament for a grant of £6,000 on its behalf. British culture, as we understand the term, is hardly likely to be best exhibited to the rest of the world under the auspices of a body consisting of a talented diplomatist as chairman, one prominent officer of a University, one representative of a technical college, one newspaper man, and five business men, even if the Poet Laureate is thrown in as a make-weight on the side of the arts. Nor should we have supposed the offices of Shell-Mex to be the best possible headquarters for a Council established, in the words of the *Times*, "to promote abroad a wider knowledge of the English language, literature, art, music, science, educational institutions, and other aspects of our national life." Will not the foreigner, however indulgent, be disposed to regard the new Council as yet another example of that Philistinism of which we are already far too often accused?

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HITLER'S CHALLENGE

MANY were shocked, but few genuinely surprised, by Herr Hitler's announcement of his plans for a great conscript army. Preparations to this end had been going on steadily behind the thinnest of veils ; it was only a question of how soon the veil would be flung off. The decision was precipitated, no doubt, by the British White Paper and the vote in the French Chamber last week on the military service law. It was, of course, a gesture of defiance, which even the most ingenuous Nazi could hardly expect to pass without protest. On the face of it, as the British Note on Monday pointed out, it was a unilateral action contrary to the understanding which the German Government had accepted as the basis for the discussion of the Anglo-French proposals of February 3rd. To this reproach the Germans retort with a *tu quoque*. Since February 3rd, they say, other Powers, including Britain and France, have openly announced armament increases without any consultation of Germany. There is, doubtless, some effrontery in this argument. But is there not also a modicum of truth in it ?

It is not, perhaps, a point of much practical importance now, especially in view of the developments that have followed. But let us be clear about one thing. Both on this point, and still more on the general issue of Germany's rearmament, any show of moral indignation is absurd. The rearmament of Germany is the direct result, foreseen and foretold over and over again, of the dishonesty and blunders of the victorious Powers from 1919 onwards. There was coupled with the Treaty of Versailles a solemn engagement on their part to disarm, and no honest person can defend the long continued ignoring of that engagement. Nor, we imagine, can the most patriotic and the least prudent of Frenchmen to-day fail to curse the folly of M. Barthou the year before last. The plan which Germany—and a Germany still in the League of Nations—was then prepared to accept would have stabilised the German army at 300,000 men. Now Germany is outside the League, and the army of 300,000 has become half a million. Another large sheet of the Treaty of Versailles has been torn up and, for ourselves, we shed no tear over it. Hitler's audacity, indeed, has helped to make the situation a little clearer ; and if other Governments would follow the British Government's example in keeping their heads, there would be at least a sporting chance of a settlement at long last.

There are now, as it seems, two main possibilities. Either Hitler means to go on from impudence to impudence, claiming more to-morrow and more again the day after, and counting on the inability or the unwillingness of the rest of the world to check him. That is one reading of the situation, and it cannot be denied that there are grounds for it in the history of the man and the temper of his people. The other possibility is that his latest gesture means no more, in effect, than the supreme assertion of Germany's demand for equality. It is true that, measured by numbers of men, the new German army will be not only equal but superior to the French—a fact which naturally causes anger and anxiety in France. But the twelve army corps and thirty-six divisions are still a paper force ; though the half-million soldiers may be actual flesh and blood, they are far from fully equipped or trained. About the air force, which is likely to be more important than infantry, and the navy, which will be less important, we have no certain information as yet. But how much do these numbers really matter ? They matter a great deal if each nation is to stand alone, responsible for its own security. They matter far less if we envisage a system of collective security, such as the French want, such as we all want, except Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook—and perhaps Herr Hitler. Whether Hitler wants it is precisely what needs to be discovered, and what we hoped, would be discovered by Sir John Simon's visit to Berlin.

This visit—together with the general "weakness," as it is called, of the British Government—is bitterly criticised in France. But surely, however much we may dislike and distrust Hitler, it would be rank folly to give up, in dudgeon or defiance, the attempt to check the race in armaments and the return of Europe to the old system of *Machtpolitik*. If the British Foreign Secretary had been going to have a heart to heart talk with the Führer on a basis drawn up by the *Daily Express*, the French might have reason for alarm. But obviously nothing of the sort was contemplated. The scope and purpose of the discussions were plainly set out in the British Note of Monday last. They are designed to achieve a "general settlement freely negotiated between Germany and other Powers which would make provisions for the organisation of security in Europe" on the lines indicated in the *communiqué* of February 3rd. That general settlement is to be general, not partial ; it does not visualise Germany accepting the Western air pact and letting the rest go hang. One of its terms is the return of Germany to the League of Nations. And another, though this is not so explicitly referred to in the Note, is that Germany should come into a security pact on the East, which would complement the Locarno Treaty in the West. But France apparently thinks that all hope of such a settlement has now been ruled out by Hitler's proclamation. She proposes to denounce Germany before the Council of the League, and in this she is supported by Italy and other Powers. This seems to us a most unfortunate course to take. It is legalism, not realism. It is hardly conceivable that at this stage the League can do anything effective. It is not likely that hard words will intimidate Hitler into apologising for his breach of the treaty and abandoning his conscript army. His armaments are doubtless excessive —but so are those of the rest of us. It is certain that if we want to prevent Germany's return to Geneva no better way than this could be devised. "The peace of the world is at stake," says M. Flandin. True ; but the danger of German militarism will not be averted by upholding the sanctity of what is left of the Versailles Treaty.

The sensible course is to ascertain whether Hitler is now content with his assertion of Germany's claim, and will be ready to return to the League and give the requisite guarantees of peace in the East. If he is, why should not the French be prepared to deal with him on those terms ? They will not get any better. If he is intransigent there remain two alternatives. One is that we shall all hasten to arm ourselves to the teeth, in the fatuous belief that we can stave off war by national armaments, with the help of alliances—or even, so far as this country is concerned, without alliances, if only we would listen to the childish gospel of armed isolationism preached to us by Lord Beaverbrook. That is an alterna-

tive which spells bankruptcy and disaster. The other is to adhere to and fortify the system of collective security. If Germany refuses to come into it, after she has so substantially redressed her grievances, she will prove herself as bent on mischief. And if a collective security system in such circumstances looks like, and is, an "encirclement of Germany," who but the Germans themselves will be responsible?

THE CORPORATE STATE IN ITALY

I.—THE CORPORATIONS

MINISTERS come and Ministers go, but the Corporate State remains unaffected. The "Changing of the Guard," as the wholesale clearance of Cabinets is soothingly termed in Italy, makes no difference whatever in policy. The "massy wheel" in the centre is Mussolini. He willed the Corporate State, and he sustains as much of it as the elements with which he has to contend will yield. Of what it is all about he is as uncertain as Italy, and Italy as the world.

In October, 1930, Mussolini announced, "The Fascist State is corporative or it is not Fascist!" But in November, 1933, he addressed these cogent questions to the Corporate Assembly: "What functions ought the corporations to perform? How many of them should there be? How should they be constituted?" What a collapse after all the self-congratulation and sneers at foreign countries since the publication of the Charter of Labour in April, 1927! Nor is it flattering to English sycophants, more Mussolinian than Mussolini. The Law on the Constitution and Functions of the Corporations was not passed till February, 1934. On November 10th, 1934, the twenty-two Corporations were inaugurated. The Duce declared:

> It is as yet premature to say what developments the Corporative system may have in Italy and elsewhere from the point of view of the production and distribution of goods. Ours is a point of departure not of arrival. Yet since Fascist corporativism represents the "social" content of the Revolution, it categorically obliges all men of the Regime—wherever and however they are organised—to guarantee its development and fruitful continuance.

Who can be certain what this means?

It is much more important to bring home to English people this vagueness than to describe the paper constitution of the Corporations. Thirteen years from the March on Rome Italian economy is still based on private property and enterprise, with exiguous governmental regulation. The country is by no means a genuine spiritual unit. It is passionately divided into the few tolerated collectivists, dominant big business which yields trifles with pretended good grace, and finally, the "soul improvers," mainly academic or journalistic, who preach and await the imminent advent of blissful co-operation which will fuse masters and men into one great big family.

Some concrete achievements there have been. Employers' associations and Trade Unions require State recognition; lock-outs and strikes are criminal offences. Industrial Courts settle individual controversies, and help to interpret and amend the collective labour contracts. The policies of socialising the losses of capitalists in crisis, the "planning" of industry, and public works, will be dealt with in the next article.

It is in this background of fundamental dissension, superficial false good-fellowship, *and a resolute dictatorship*, that the Corporations have been born. They are not based exclusively on separate economic activities, or separate complete cycles of production, but on a mixed principle. Thus, the Textile Corporation includes representatives of the cotton trades, sheep breeding and wool growing, the woollen and worsted industries, silk breeding, silk-cocoon raising, silk weaving, rayon mills, jute, textile dyeing, the carpet and allied industries, the wholesale and retail trade in textiles, agriculture experts, the chemical trades, designers, and the co-operative silk-cocoon dyeing plants. Producers originally demanded a Corporation for each productive activity! But the Government resisted, wanting as few governing bodies as possible, to secure the interrelationship and harmony of interests. The tug-of-war produced twenty-two Corporations: Cereals; Fruit, Vegetable, and Flower; Viticulture and Wine; Beet and Sugar; Edible Oil; Animal Husbandry, and Fisheries; Forestry, Lumber, and Wood; Textile and Engineering; Chemical Trades; Clothing Trades; Paper and Publishing; Building Trades; Water, Gas, and Electricity; Mining and Quarrying; Glass and Pottery; Credit and Insurance; Arts and Professions; Sea and Air; Inland Communications; Public Entertainments; Public Hospitality.

Each Corporation was made large enough to represent all the interests involved (thus, sixty-five in the Chemical and only twelve in the Beet Culture Corporation), and small enough to avoid too large a General Assembly (about 760 members). If the Assembly, which is mainly advisory, should ever acquire power, the distribution of representation would become a bone of serious contention.

The internal constitution shows some interesting features. Each Corporation contains three members of the Fascist Party, one of whom is Vice-President, to "represent the public." This answers the fears that Corporations including producers only, whether employers or workers (there is equal representation of each), would exploit the consumer. We have yet to see whether these professors, teachers, journalists, and party officials, can be as effective as the free play of the price mechanism, or a freely elected Parliament: for the former has already been interfered with considerably, while Parliament is quite impotent.

How will Mussolini and the Cabinet prevent economic inefficiency and exploitation of the consumers? The Government does not trust the Corporations, for it has put its watchmen inside them, and declared that the Corporations are not autonomous, but subservient creatures of the State. The great danger is that in the long run twenty-two Corporations will become even more egoistic than so many political parties. Hence the provision that each Corporation is presided over by a minister or Under-Secretary of State or Secretary of the Fascist Party, nominated by the Prime Minister. Corporations and Departments of State are almost in the relation of servant and master.

Yet many Fascists are still disturbed by the simultaneous paralysis of Parliament and the rise of these gigantic Corporations. They demand that a Council of Fascists, outside or within the Council of Corporations, shall be the propelling and controlling body in the State. The fate of Parliament—on sufferance—is yet to be settled.

Since 1926 the Corporations have been empowered to conciliate the controversies that arise between the organisations affiliated to them; to issue regulations regarding collective labour contracts; to promote, encourage, and subsidise all efforts designed to co-ordinate and better regulate production; to establish employment bureaux wherever they are required; to regulate technical training and apprenticeship. They supervise the observance of the regulations. The Corporations could regulate economic relations between the various categories of production, *if* all the associations concerned agreed, *if* the Prime Minister consented, and *if* the National Council approved. It is now officially admitted that with such powers only "the Corporations would have been impotent to penetrate more deeply into the sphere of economic conditions."

A power of great potentiality has now been added, "to elaborate rules for the collective regulation of economic conditions and for the unitary discipline of production." According to the Government, this "marks the definite passing beyond the system of economic liberalism to that of corporative economy." The debates however afford no specific description of what the power means. Some said, "We shall find a synthesis between Communism that we hate and liberalism which is dead." Big business said, "Hands off!" However,

this function can only be exercised when the competent Ministers propose it, or on the request of any one of the Associations constituting the Corporation, *with the assent of the Prime Minister*. Hence the power of the Corporations, and of any energetic association of employers or employees within it, is limited by the will of the Government. (The Government, of course, can be, and is, influenced outside the Corporations altogether.)

Further, each Corporation may, within its own branch, establish prices for goods and services, but this, again, is subject to the limitations just noted. All such rules of economic discipline and prices are subject to the approval of the General Assembly of the National Council of Corporations, and become obligatory when they are published by decree of the Prime Minister. It would seem very difficult to get anything done under these rules. There are two other functions. The Corporations advise the administrative departments at their wish, and the Prime Minister may compel Departments to seek such advice.

The Corporations thus composed and empowered have only just come into existence. But they were preceded in March, 1930, by the National Council of the Corporations, then composed of Seven Sections, each representing the employers and employed in one great branch of production. The Council now consists of the Councillors of the several Corporations and, further, of certain Ministers, the Secretary of the Fascist Party, the presidents of various associations concerned with "social welfare," representatives of the associations of Public Service Employees, and ten persons with "special competence" in economics and law. Altogether, then, an *omnium gatherum* of economic life. The Prime Minister is President, and convenes the Council when he deems necessary.

Its functions are advisory, and rule-making. Broadly, the Council *might* be called upon to advise on any matter relating to the economic life of the country with the emphasis on the relations between employers and employed. Not that the Government is obliged to ask for advice, or take it when given, or ask for it before it has independently resolved on a course of action. In a few cases a statement of opinion from the Council is obligatory. The Council may grant power to all Associations (after authorisation by the Confederation to which they may belong) to establish wages and conditions of labour in their own field, subject to the sanction of the Minister of Corporations. The actual *duties* of the Council were until 1934 to lay down rules (1) for the co-ordination of the social assistance work carried out by the Associations; (2) for the co-ordination of the principles of the collective labour contracts and the other regulatory activities of the Corporations; (3) for regulating collective economic relations between the various categories of production. The first and second could not and cannot be exercised except with the sanction of the Prime Minister, as we have already observed. Until the law of 1934, the third, as we have shown, could hardly be used at all.

Altogether, then, the powers to take action come to very little. The National Council is rather like an enormous Royal Commission of Inquiry, but with terms of reference extending over the whole field of economic life, and with a continuous existence. It meets rarely, the preparatory, executory, and supervisory work being done by the various Corporations. At the moment each has a number of fundamental researches and reports to make on critical problems. A smaller body, the Central Corporative Committee with advisory functions only, co-ordinates the work of the various bodies within the Council, and acts as the Assembly in urgent matters in the intervals between its sessions. It is composed of certain Ministers, and Under-Secretaries, the Secretary of the Fascist Party, the Vice-Secretaries and Administrative Secretary, the members of the Party who are Vice-Presidents of the Corporations, and the Presidents of the various National Associations of Employers and Employees.

The part played by this machinery in the development of the Fascist economic and social principles has hitherto been distinctly small. The Corporations are little more than agencies to implement the arrangements and agreements regarding conditions of labour, which, in this country, are carried out in part by the Ministry of Labour, but mainly by voluntary co-operation of employers and Trade Unions. Their rule-making powers in regard to prices and the economic situation are weak. They cannot override the law as laid down by Parliament or by Executive Decree, and the political authority can invalidate even the regulations made within these limits. Various marketing schemes are planned and administered with their assistance. (Walter Elliot is very popular in Italy!) They are expected to become a more agile, realistic, and dynamic bureaucracy. But purpose and direction still lie with the dictatorial Government. They can propose, but the Government decides. If the Government should want Socialism or workers' control, the Corporations could become the organ; but they embody no principle except that of "higher production." Why, then, were these Corporations established? The answer is complex: to give the Government technical aid; to give it pervasive control over the only remaining organised bodies of opinion and potential critics; to give the impression that the "Revolution" is doing great things. In the end, perhaps, Mussolini, not proud of the "bourgeois" associates who enabled him to get into power, may be preparing for a mild, dictatorial Socialism. When will he begin?

H. FINER

ENGLAND AND NORTHERN EUROPE

THE slogan "Buy British" has of late years received an ever increasing amount of attention. Strangely enough, however, its corollary, i.e., how to "Sell British" seems to have created singularly little interest even among those who are most immediately concerned. Complaints about British methods of salesmanship are neither new nor original, and are usually met with that well-known chorus from a French operette: "Fatalité, fatalité." A recent visit to the Scandinavian and Baltic countries, however, where this humiliating and really unpardonable feature can be studied at its worst, prompts the author to raise the question once again and to express the pious hope that something may be done about England's export trade.

Northern Europe to-day is the stage of a great struggle for political and economic supremacy between Germany and Great Britain. In the Scandinavian and Baltic countries economic questions are even more in the foreground of politics just now than among most of the other nations. It is quite impossible to say where their politics end and their economics begin. But it is sufficient to glance at their relations with England to realise how true this is.

Great Britain has always been their best customer. In the past she took over two-thirds of the Danish, over one quarter of the Swedish and about one-fifth of the Norwegian total exports. Thus the British market is absolutely vital to them, and is in the very centre of their national interest. Under the circumstances, it is only natural that within a week of England abandoning the Gold Standard they should have followed suit and joined the sterling club. While their monetary policy is of course quite independent, they find it advantageous to adjust it deliberately to that of Great Britain, and they have no cause to regret it. Sweden's astounding economic recovery of the last two years is very largely the result of her having abandoned the Gold Standard, even if this did create initial difficulties, which, however, were rapidly overcome, and, incidentally, precipitated the unavoidable Kreuger crash.

In the past the Scandinavian countries used to get most of their imports from Germany. But now the position is beginning to adjust itself in Great Britain's favour. This is due partly to a political estrangement between these free, democratic countries and Hitler's Third Reich. And very largely it is the

result of the Trade Agreements with England signed early in 1933. These agreements, among other things, stipulate that Sweden should get 47 per cent. of her coal imports from Great Britain, Denmark 80 per cent. of hers and Norway 70 per cent. These and other conditions have been most scrupulously carried out by the Scandinavian countries, and in some cases even exceeded, and there is margin for still further expansion if only the right kind of British coal could be offered at a reasonable competitive price. In the case of all three Scandinavian countries the percentage of imports from Great Britain is rapidly rising. That movement could be greatly developed if only British exporters took the trouble.

But here lies one of the main difficulties. While most of the Scandinavian and Baltic merchants know their British market and take no end of care over it, the British exporters—with certain rare and notable exceptions—do not. They will not study foreign market requirements, they will not cater for the specific local taste. They go on quoting in hundredweights, ounces, inches, guineas, and other British units, which most foreigners cannot be expected to understand. And they appear quite incapable of producing, say, Swedish labels or catalogues. If the Swede wishes to buy in England, presumably he must make himself acquainted not only with the language but also with all the obsolete peculiarities of his potential British supplier who does little or nothing to meet him. Presumably he must also take the trouble of visiting him in England, for the British business man represents only a small fraction of the tourists who visit the Scandinavian countries every year. And it is most regrettable that when big British firms do send representatives over, these are usually young underlings, who cannot expect to impress the experienced and shrewd business community of Sweden, Norway or Denmark. If only some of the general managers or managing directors from England took the trouble of coming over to Scandinavia and the Baltic, they would be certain of a good welcome and of better business results. All this is the more unforgivable since England is fortunate enough to have diplomatic and commercial representatives abroad who are both able and keen, and do all they can to promote an increasing development of trade relations. But they do not appear to get much encouragement from the British business interests that should rejoice at the excellent opportunities they now have in Northern Europe.

A striking example is the automobile trade. You hardly see a British car in the streets of Stockholm. Yet the automobilisation of Sweden is proceeding at a very rapid pace, and most of the cars are of foreign importation. Two American firms, General Motors and Ford, seem to have almost a monopoly. They have service stations all over Sweden, they are large advertisers, have shops, agents and all the necessary paraphernalia for selling their cars and keeping them in good order. Furthermore, they have grasped the fact that to a Swede a car is not so much an object of pleasure or luxury, but a means to a definite end. Motoring in itself does not attract him very much. But with the vast territory of his country it is an important—sometimes the only—way of getting from one place to another. And to those very numerous Swedes who are fond of aquatic sports and have the good luck to possess a launch or a yacht, it is the quickest way of reaching their boat over the week-end and of exchanging their town habitation for their country "stuga" or cottage. This presupposes fairly large and powerful cars—the cheap little car does not suit these purposes. Furthermore, many of the streets in Stockholm and in the smaller towns are still paved with cobbles. An American all-steel streamline body is better suited for that sort of road than the more delicate car of British construction. Again, cold winters demand special protection of radiators against the effects of frost. The American motor manufacturers take the trouble of studying all these facts, whereas their British colleagues are still conspicuous by their absence and their deplorable lack of interest.

In fact the only trade where Britain seems to have a virtual monopoly is that of sanitary crockery. I have not seen in the whole of Sweden a single wash basin or other amenity of a similar order that did not come from one of the better known British firms that specialise in that sort of thing. Even here, however, they are in danger of losing their market, for Poland is now producing excellent fireclay goods at cheap prices.

Everything English is fashionable in Northern Europe to-day. On the strength of that alone England could sell not only wash basins, but also more coal, chemicals, cars and a good many other things. High quality textiles, for instance, since cheap ranges are produced by some of these countries themselves. Also various articles for men—from hats to underwear—and fancy leather goods for women. Ample information on this subject can be obtained from the competent authorities. Where is Britain's spirit of enterprise? Here is a market that is both willing and wealthy. The Scandinavian countries, and especially Sweden and Finland, are very strong financially to-day. They appreciate good quality and are prepared to pay for it. But they cannot be expected to pay prices that are unreasonable in comparison with those of other countries. Nor can they be expected to take all the trouble while the British exporters and industrialists remain so casual, ignorant and standoffish.

Here lies the fundamental significance of Mr. Eden's recent visit. If the very fact of his trip directs British attention on Northern Europe; if the favourable opinions he cannot but have brought back to England eventually reach the ears of the parties most directly concerned; if as a result of it all there is a general and healthy expansion of Anglo-Scandinavian and Baltic trade, then his visit will have done more than all the Machiavellian plots England's rivals and competitors have been trying to read into it. For the Germans have spared no efforts before, during and since Mr. Eden's visit, to present it in a most unfavourable light. Their allegations of all kinds of horrible British machinations have been quite extraordinary. An inspired press campaign took place at the time, that was too obvious to be effective. But the Lord Privy Seal was followed in Sweden almost immediately by Herr von Papen. The Germans, who would not believe that Mr. Eden's visit was of private character and that his elk shooting expedition was by way of a personal diversion, seemed to resent the suspicion with which Herr von Papen's visit was treated. He, too, went elk shooting, and presumably it is quite a natural thing for the sinister personage who happens to be German Minister to Vienna to shoot elks in Sweden. This absurd episode, however, is merely an illustration.

Not only are Germany's propaganda agents doing their utmost to discredit England in Northern Europe, but Germany's merchants and industrialists are working extremely hard to maintain their old position, or where possible to improve it. They are not popular and their task is not easy. But they have the advantage of unlimited energy and a quite astounding elasticity, coupled with a genuine knowledge of their markets and solid old connections. The latter accounts for a great deal, for, being naturally conservative, business people in the Scandinavian and Baltic countries are instinctively inclined to buy from those who have always known how to supply them with the very things they want.

Thus a latent pro-British feeling and the personal antipathy to Germany are allowed by our exporters to be neutralised by German stubbornness and efficiency.

An important British political and commercial delegation recently paid a visit to one of the capitals of Northern Europe. Great celebrations took place in that beautiful city, which was also flood-lit in honour of the British guests. All the flood-lighting was done by the Germans! And that seems to be the whole position *en raccourci*; the British attend banquets and make speeches about "Our two countries that have so much in common." The Germans were not invited, but they got the flood-lighting contract. Surely the time has come for British merchants to realise that "after-dinner speeches are not enough. . . ."

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. Donald Carswell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Do you tell the jury that, in your view, a thing may be amusing though vulgar?—Mr. Justice Avory reported in *Evening Standard*.

Dear Mr. Lansbury stands for our happy exposure to perfect annihilation. With broad amiability he is ready any day for the Gadarene gallop on the back of his own whole hog.—J. L. Garvin in the *Observer*.

David Copperfield, the book of the Film at the Palace Theatre.—From a bookseller's window.

In order to show my disapproval I am going slow—so slow that the police will in no case fail to see that I for one am annoyed.—"Twenty-three years a motorist (Margate, Kent)" in *Morning Post*.

The first chimpanzee to be born in captivity in London made her appearance appropriately enough in the Jubilee year.—*Weekly Illustrated*.

All our wars for the past 200 years have been caused by pacifists.—Capt. A. Fairlie Bruce in *Middlesex County Times*.

. . . The happiest snappiest paper . . . Gripping features in to-day's issue—Drunkard's daughter became a Queen. Her marriage caused a revolution. British sergeant flogged to death by blacks. Blood-curdling story of one of the vilest military crimes on record. Romantic story of only film star who is a Great-Grandmother. A teetotaller but loves playing "drunk" parts. In four hundred passionate love letters a woman revealed to lover her diabolical plot to poison her husband. . . . EVERYBODY'S HAPPY WITH EVERYBODY'S.—Advertisement for *Everybody's Magazine*.

The Rev. Penry Thomas is reported to have remarked, "If certain people have a taste for fish and chips, surely the council would not open a fish-and-chip bar at the City-hall."

What have fish and chips done to the rev. gentleman? Does he know that the caterers of this commodity use 65 per cent. of the potatoes grown and 60 per cent. of the fish landed in this country? It is no small business, with customers running into millions year in and year out. After all, Christ fed the multitudes with bread and fish. —Letter in *South Wales Echo*.

The Coroner: His active life was over, he had no hobbies, and so he got into an introspective condition?—Exactly. He actually had to go round to political meetings to arouse any interest in life.—Report in *Evening Standard*.

EXPERIENCES OF A HOSPITAL PATIENT

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

LAST spring I was condemned to undergo a severe operation and went for the purpose into the paying ward of a large London hospital. The operation was successful, but at intervals of three or four days it was followed by two severe haemorrhages which necessitated blood transfusion, and I have no doubt that the skill and attention of the surgeons and nurses during that first dangerous fortnight saved my life. But my recovery was very slow and during the nine weeks I spent in the paying ward I had time to make a certain number of observations which may, perhaps, be worth recording.

My first impression of the ward into which I was introduced was pleasant enough. It was a very long one, containing twenty-four beds, twelve on each side, with a wide passage between them in the centre of which are two immense double stoves, burning ordinary coal and having to be constantly stoked in cold weather. There are sash windows along each wall and beside each bed, and at the further end of the ward a large French window opening on to a balcony—very agreeable when it is warm, but letting in an icy draught on to the beds near it when it is cold. The whole ward is always bright with flowers. Each bed can be partitioned off from its neighbours by white curtains. Considering the reputation of London hospitals for immaculate cleanliness, I was surprised that first day to think they were not so very white after all—but they were no fresher when I left nine weeks later.

The earliest event of the day in hospital was a very welcome cup of tea distributed by the night shift of nurses at about 5 a.m. More serious breakfast hardly ever reached me before 9.30, and I found the four or five hours of waiting for it very long. But those hours are filled by the labours of cleaning the ward and washing the patients.

To clean the ward there are two women sweepers, armed with horse-hair brooms. They begin their job at the further end of the ward, and a difficult, thankless, almost impossible job it is. For how can mere brooms and arms deal efficiently with all the mixture of refuse that litters the floor? Scraps of cottonwool accidentally dropped by surgeons and nurses while dressing wounds, fluff from blankets, feathers from pillows, bits of flowers, crumbs and morsels of food, with the ordinary accumulation of a London day's soot and dirt.

The noise of the brooms, the double tap, tap, of the wood striking on the floor sounds at first in the distance. I hear it gradually approaching and at last the two women come into sight. There they are, red with their exertions and with the drops of sweat standing on their foreheads. They push the heaps of dirt before them. The horrid stuff sticks to their shoes, clings to their clothes, is blown along the floor on to the feet of the beds, and up into the air on to the beds themselves and their occupants. I see the dust and fluff whirling in the air. The whole ward is thick with it.

At this moment another sound is heard. It is breakfast coming in. A nurse pushes in front of her a little two-shelved trolley on which are arranged cups and saucers, bread-and-butter, toast, etc.; she meets the sweepers pushing their heaps of horror. As she passes them they go on with their work as vigorously as ever, and are still working when the second trolley with its load of milk, porridge, marmalade, etc. appears, and is likewise pushed through the filthy clouds of dirt. There are mornings when I can eat nothing but a biscuit and some jam I keep in the cupboard beside me. The cleaning, however, is not over yet, for a little later a woman with a long mop sweeps the upper ledges of the windows and the electric lights above the patients' beds, and the dust comes whirling down on to the drinks and fruits on their bedside tables.

In the meantime, the patients must be washed. The nurse brings a basin of hot water to each bedside and is supposed to bring at the same time a bottle of methylated and a box of powder. But, as often as not, these adjuncts are missing. She has to go in search of them and generally leaves the patient uncovered while she is away—sometimes a long time. Or else it is another nurse who comes to borrow the necessary objects, fails to bring them back, and they have to be fetched while the patient is waiting. The whole affair is a scrimmage and the washing very perfunctory. To enter into unpleasant details, there are little nooks of one's body, such as behind one's ears and between one's toes which are completely neglected. More important cleaning is done badly too. The cover of the air cushion on which one sits is often soiled, and sometimes not changed for several days.

Sometimes you feel that the house-surgeon himself has forgotten you. Thus I remember that one day instead of coming at his usual hour—about 10 in the morning—to do my dressing, he passed rapidly by my bed, saying he would come later. But twelve hours passed without his coming and the whole of that day my bed was flooded with urine. It was not till I got really angry at half-past ten at night that the staff nurse at last consented to telephone, and he came.

As for noise, is it a superstition that it should be spared the sick? Some noises, no doubt, must be endured—such as the

songs and laughter of the other patients as well as their groans and bellowing, but some might perhaps be moderated, and I could never see the smallest effort to do this. There were the sweepers with the banging of their brooms which went on for hours; the man with the infernal machine who came to polish the floor; the window cleaner with his step-ladder and tin pail; the four great stoves that had to be raked out and filled with coal; the visitors, who from two to four every afternoon talked as loudly as if they were at an afternoon party. The nurses themselves laughed and talked without attempting to lower their voices.

Poor nurses! Let no one think I didn't pity them! And some of them were admirable—the Sister of the ward especially, with her tireless activity and her extraordinary efficiency. Others—rough probationers or harsh martinets—were less admirable. An almost military discipline is perhaps necessary. I don't know. But it was surprising to see the nurses, when they came on duty in the morning, marched round the ward in single file, like soldiers on parade. They are trained to look upon routine as their *first* duty. The patient's comfort and health (so often identical) are a secondary consideration. In fact, it is not a nurse's duty to consider the patient at all. Her work must be performed with inflexible rigidity, regardless of persons or conditions. The old and the young, the weak and the strong, the dying and the convalescent must all be treated alike. A man may be worn out with pain; he may not have slept all night and just have sunk into a refreshing sleep—will she put off her ministrations? Not a bit of it! Without a word of warning she flings back the bed-clothes and applies the sponge, or hoists a man into a sitting position, or disturbs him in order to straighten the coverlet. I have seen a dying man harassed in this way to his last moment. Appearances must be kept up; there must be at any rate a façade of order and brightness; untidiness must be relegated to the drawers; the ward must *look* smart, whoever suffers.

But were the nurses themselves treated with any consideration? Probably underpaid and certainly overworked (the ward was obviously understaffed), very little attempt seemed to be made to organise or save their labours. The result was that they were chiefly occupied, naturally, and, of course, rightly, with those patients who were dangerously ill. Once off the danger list and very little attention was paid you. It was for that reason, I believe, that I dragged on so many weeks without getting better. A little ailment of mine was not noticed for several days by the surgeons and nurses. I was ordered out of bed and on to a chair by a young man who was taking the round of the surgeon who had been attending me. He had never seen me before and he ordered me up without examining anything but the chart at the bottom of my bed. This treatment did me no good; I soon had to go back to bed again, and it was not till the visiting surgeon himself came, on one of his rare visits to those who were doing well, that he discovered what was wrong and ordered the necessary treatment. I ought to have had it several days earlier.

Finally, my patience gave way. I said goodbye to my paying ward and had myself carried in an ambulance to a still more paying nursing-home. X

PS.—As the patient's wife, I wish to add a few words to the above. Perhaps the point of view of those who remain outside may also be worth stating.

One of the hardest things to bear when you see your nearest and dearest carried off to the hospital is the sense of utter helplessness. They have been swallowed up in a great autocratic machine which, however beneficent, is perhaps not without some defects. If you see something go wrong with your patient, what can you do to help him? To whom can you appeal? Is there any authority willing to listen to your case, to investigate it? Apparently not. Your place is to submit and be thankful. The following was my own experience.

It was the third day after my husband's operation (a major one) and I was sitting beside him when he told me he was in need of a nurse. There was not a single one in the whole ward. He called. I called too. I ran the whole length of the long ward (his bed was at the extreme end from the door) calling. When I got to the passage, the nurse in charge was telephoning and it was several minutes before I could get the smallest attention from anyone. For all I knew my husband was having a haemorrhage.

My own doctor strongly advised me to report this incident to the surgeon in charge of my husband's case—the great boss of the ward. I wrote and told him I had a complaint to make about the nursing and went to see him at the hospital. I shall never forget that interview. Before I had opened my mouth, he began in an infuriated voice:

"No! I will *not* hear a single word against my nursing staff. It is the best nursing staff in London, specially trained by me. No, you shall *not* speak. I will listen to *nothing*. No one has ever complained to me before. It is *gratitude* I am accustomed to receive. As you *have* complained, however, you shall have special outside nurses, both day and night. They will cost you a great deal and they will be *inferior to mine*. But have them you must now, or else take your husband away. You are welcome to do that, of course."

I cannot help thinking there must be something wrong in a system that makes it possible to receive the complaints of patients' relatives in this way, and, though I was no doubt unlucky in coming across a *manner* of this kind in this particular instance, I ask myself whether the same kind of *spirit* does not pervade other voluntary hospitals, and whether it would not be to the general interest if hospital authorities thought of themselves as the servants of the public and not merely as its masters and benefactors?

THE PLEASURES OF DILATORINESS

OUR grandfathers would have been incredulous if they had been told that a time would soon come when men would feel aggrieved at being forbidden to drive through the streets at a faster rate than a mile in two minutes. A mile in two minutes seemed quite good going to them. It is true that a galloping racehorse can go faster than that. A record-breaking horse ran a mile and a quarter in two minutes at Newmarket. Last year at Epsom, when Windsor Lad won the Derby, he covered a mile and a half in two minutes and thirty-six seconds. It will be seen from this that galloping racehorses on great occasions can run at the rate of over 35 miles an hour. But our grandfathers would have been astonished if it had been suggested that people ought to be allowed to drive through the streets at the speed of racehorses. We have changed our point of view, however. To-day many people, if they were travelling at the pace of a Derby winner, would feel that they were crawling.

For myself, I like crawling. When the roads were still empty of machinery, there was nothing pleasanter than to sit in a red-and-blue country cart and jolt along the uneven road at the pace of a cow returning to the byre. The day seemed twice as long when one passed over the miles so slowly. The very clocks seemed to tick in a more leisurely time in that era. One did not see much of the world in a day, but the eye could linger on what one saw—the farmyard with its row of elms, the turkey-cock gobbling on the manure-heap, the goat destroying the hedges with its teeth, the sandy cornfield eaten up by rabbits, the blue river moving slowly under the sun to the sea, the barefooted children going home from school, the yellow-hammer in the thorn, the field of clover, old men standing outside their cottages and watching the world go by, the ragged and ramshackle tramp on his rounds.

Even if we drove, not behind a cart-horse, but behind a trotting pony, the world was extraordinarily visible. The features of everybody one met were clear as in a picture. The women thinning turnips in the fields, the blacksmith driving

the nails into the horse's hoof, the sluice above the mill-wheel, the church with its peaceful gravestones, the blind woman in the flower-garden—one was still travelling slowly enough to take in the scene in detail. Will anyone ever drive through such a dilatory world again?

If the inventors could have foreseen what they were about to destroy with their inventions, surely they would at least have hesitated before yielding to their genius. For the country, to be enjoyed fully, must, like good poetry, or indeed good prose, be taken slowly, and it is one of the worst achievements of the inventors of speed-machines that they have taught us to "skip." There are men who boast of the number of miles they have travelled: this seems to me as foolish as it would do if some one, having read skippingly half the world's masterpieces, boasted of the number of books he had read. No one can really read a book unless he knows how to go slow. To read Donne skippingly is scarcely to have read him at all, and to travel through a landscape skippingly is almost the same thing as not to have visited it. I remember in Scotland hearing a party of people from Lancashire complaining bitterly of the speed at which they had been whirled past the scenery by the driver of their charabanc. One of them was telling a stranger: "I said to the driver, 'Look here, we came up here to look at the scenery, but every time the hand of that speedometer moves up near forty, my wife can look at nothing but the speedometer. You're simply spoiling our holiday and frightening the women. Besides who do you think would come all the way to Scotland from Blackburn simply to see lakes and mountains, flashing past him like pfft." And he made a quick whistling noise and flicked his fingers to express his notion of a countryside made invisible through insane speed. Obviously, the Lancashire man was right. The chauffeur drove under the illusion that the purpose of a fast-moving machine is to enable the traveller to arrive at his destination as quickly as possible, whereas to a man who is enjoying himself the arrival is often the least important point of the journey. To get to a destination quickly is all very well for a business man, but the man who wants to be happy must learn to dawdle.

This will probably be realised more generally as time goes on. Speed is still something of a novelty, and, while it remains a novelty, it is bound to be in the fashion. We can scarcely blame human beings for losing their heads a little on discovering that by the slight pressure of the foot they could whirl themselves along faster than horses can run or swallows fly. Who is there whose spirits have not risen with the rise of the speedometer? There is a reckless joy in letting one's car go all out and make full use of all its talents. A ride becomes a race—a race to overtake one's own past achievement perhaps—and is as exciting as a chariot race in the Roman arena. One has a flattering sense, too, of personal power as one speeds along the road, and most of us would admit, I imagine, that we have obtained a far finer exaltation of the spirit from our own fast driving than from the driving of others. I myself have never driven a fast car, but, when I began to drive, even I could achieve this exaltation of the spirit when the hand of the speedometer passed fifty. Almost a crawling pace, you may think, but it did not seem so to a novice.

I foresee the time, however, when human beings, having ceased to regard speed as a novelty, will lose much of their taste for it. They will still enjoy it in races, for the passion of racing can never die; but, reading about the leisurely lives of their ancestors, they will begin to envy them and try to recover the ancient leisureliness. If they buy an aeroplane, they will be more particular about the aeroplane's being able to go slow, than about its being able to go fast. In those days an inventor will make his fortune by giving the world an aeroplane that can dawdle and hover, so that the passenger can see almost as much of the country and of cities as if he were on foot. Similarly, the most popular motor-car of the era will be a car that can crawl along silently at three miles an hour in top gear. I do not suggest that speed will disappear entirely from travel. But it will be used chiefly for business ends. The luxury of dawdling will have become all but universal, and indolent motor-cars will fit in with the countryside and its atmosphere of ancient peace.

At present, it must be admitted, the slow driver is not popular, but this is largely because instead of hugging the side of the road he so often drives on or near the crown. It is his selfishness rather than his slowness that is hateful. At the same time, he is undoubtedly hated by all who believe that it is enormously important to speed up the traffic, and I believe that there are even places in America where it is an offence against the law to drive at under thirty miles an hour. In England, since the introduction of the thirty-mile speed-limit in built-up areas last Monday, many motorists have complained bitterly of others who had impeded them by driving at twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. Before blaming the slow motorists for selfishness, however, it would be well to be sure that their speedometers registered the mileage correctly. It is said that a good many cars on the roads are cars which have been fitted with lying speedometers that flatter the driver into believing that he is driving faster than he is. Where no speed-limit exists, this is very pleasant for the driver, but when once a speed limit is imposed, it merely compels him to drive more slowly than anybody else.

Let not the fast drivers, however, become over-exasperated by the slow progress of others in the built-up areas. They have still the greater part of England as their playground. The countryside is theirs for the taking. During the coming spring and summer, I am sure motorists will love the country as they never loved it before. They will have a new appreciation of rural delights when nightingales and wild roses become associated with the right to "do sixty." The song of the engine and the song of the lark will blend into a music sweeter than the song of either, and the motorist will learn to look on London as a slow-going and lethargic place when he finds how life pulses in the lanes of Somerset. This may end in the flight of lovers of a peaceful and quiet life to the towns where everything moves at an old-fashioned pace through the streets. For the era of universal appreciation of slowness we shall have to wait some time longer. But it must surely come. Men naturally enjoy seeing the world, and they cannot do this if they see too much of it too fast. Y. Y.

HEY NONNY NONNY NERTS

If spring were not beguiling
With drifts of starry spray,
If April stole unsmiling
Along the footpath way,
Men would not lose their senses,
Discarding old defences,
In scorn of consequences
And arrières pensées.

In spring the gay seducer
Betrays the seducee,
In spring, with vows profuset
Of consanguinity,
Great Powers mask their forces
Take urbaner courses,
Not heeding past divorces
Or ruptures yet to be.

When springtime lights and tarries
With amaranthine dew,
Plenipotentiaries
Past overtures renew,
Re-pledging specious pledges
Beside the warbling hedges
Among the sprouting veges
While hude sing cuccu!

Bewitched by vernal weather
On fire for closer ties,
Now statesmen draw together
To read each other's eyes,
With lightning prepossession
In affable progression,
And mutual profession
Of unconvincing lies.

As on May's budding threshold
Lame strategems they weave
They take on hope a fresh hold,
Deceiving, to deceive.
For with spring's magic treated,
Much doubt may be defeated,
And men, all winter cheated,
In spring will still believe.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

FAMINE IN RUSSIA

SIR,—It was kind of Sir William Beveridge to set me right about Mr. W. H. Chamberlin's conception of statistical evidence. I am unversed in the use of statistics, although I have opinions about evidence. But I confess that I was surprised—even a little shocked—to read that a statistician so eminent as Sir William Beveridge considers that the reported number of deaths in one village during only four months amounted to evidence—(*a*) of the death rate in that village during one year or more; and (*b*) of the death rate during two or three years of a population of about 60 millions (about half the whole of the rural population of the U.S.S.R.), who were *assumed* to be suffering from famine. Nor can I believe that statisticians would find the "evidence" afforded by such a curious "sampling" at all fortified by unnumerical impressions about the numbers of deaths during a previous season, in perhaps a score of villages (out of 70 thousand in the U.S.S.R.), without even any statement about the length of time the supposed mortality lasted, "which," to quote the words of Mr. Chamberlin, "I found with monotonous regularity in districts I personally visited was about 10 per cent"!

I notice that Sir William Beveridge himself fortifies Mr. Chamberlin's "evidence" of famine, by citing the prohibition of visits by newspaper correspondents from capitalist countries to certain areas, as proof that "the Soviet rulers had something worse than usual to conceal." Rulers do strange things which sometimes cause their intentions to be misunderstood. Perhaps Sir William Beveridge will infer that the reason why the British Government refuses permission to correspondents of Soviet newspapers (and indeed also Soviet engineers) even to enter British India, is because it has "something worse than usual to conceal." Is that also the explanation of the refusal, on the part of the Governments of the Union of South Africa, Canada, Australia and New Zealand to admit newspaper correspondents from the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics? The plain truth is that the adherents of rival creeds, more especially when these creeds embody mutually exclusive views and policies as to the right destination of property in the means of production, distribution and exchange, inevitably suspect each other's impartiality in reporting about the success and failure of their respective institutions. Whether any particular Government is wise to embody this suspicion in refusal to admit the adherents of the alternative creed, or, when admitted, to restrict their freedom to explore everywhere and at all times, is a question much disputed. In this connection it may be recalled that it is a bare fifteen years since the Soviet Government was fighting for its life against the armed intervention of exactly those capitalist Powers whose press Mr. Chamberlin represented so loyally and efficiently during his twelve years' residence in the U.S.S.R.

BEATRICE WEBB

SIR,—May it not be suggested to Sir William Beveridge that an exclusion of journalists from certain parts of the Soviet Union need not imply that which he supposes? Without attempting to reveal the actual reasons for the particular exclusion of certain observers—and the reasons may have been various—one may remark that if there was considerable shortage of grain in the U.S.S.R. in May 1933, the obvious duty of the responsible government, in view of the Far Eastern situation, was to conceal the deficiency. It is hardly necessary to add that concealing a deficiency does not prove that the deficiency was acute or that the country had suffered famine.

I would add that the following are a few of the conclusions that suggested themselves to me, during May 1933, when I studied for a brief period the conditions of grain areas of the Ukraine and the North Caucasus: (*a*) It was evident that there had been, since the harvest of 1932, systematic and fairly successful attempts to deal with the arable areas. (*b*) I noticed that in the gatherings of persons at railway stations the following two types were always to be found. There were always present peasants offering food for sale, and there were always also some apparently derelict persons who had come to the railways for a free ride or for what they could get. (*c*) It was clear that the population had suffered hardship and that this hardship had not been equally distributed. (*d*) I saw no indication, in any district, of general famine such as has been described by certain other observers.

Waltham St. Lawrence. EDGAR C. WILLIS

SIR,—Sir William Beveridge, in his short letter on the Russian famine, commits himself to a number of statements which sound strange, coming from the pen of a distinguished statistician, who should, one would think, support his statements with good independent evidence.

Sir William accepts Mr. Chamberlin's calculations of the number of deaths during the famine, but his confidence apparently rests on nothing more substantial than that Mr. Chamberlin's book itself contains nothing to cast doubt on his trustworthiness as a witness. Granted; but does a serious statistician accept the veracity of an author, as judged from his own writings, as sufficient evidence of accuracy, in the absence of any reliable statistics?

Again, he makes the gravest insinuation against the Soviet Government, on the sole ground that no foreign correspondents were allowed to visit the stricken regions. The implication is that only *foreign* correspondents were excluded, on account of their independence and of the dreadful revelations they would make of the infamous conduct of the government. Is this the sort of evidence which should suffice for a statistician to make so terrible a charge?

I suggest that the truth was that no tourists or visitors or correspondents or other persons whose presence was unnecessary were admitted to the stricken areas and, furthermore, that such a measure was not only wise but necessary. In 1921 (I think) I listened with deep interest to an address by a member of the American mission which did such gallant work during the grievous famine in Russia which had just ended. The lecturer bore willing testimony to the zeal with which the Soviet Government did all in its power to help the mission, and explained that the problem was purely one of transport. There was food in the country, but owing to the lamentable insufficiency of transport and the defects of the railway system, the want of railways, the want of rolling stock and locomotives, the bad condition of the tracks and the congestion of the traffic, it was impossible to get the food to the famine areas in time to save the lives of more than a fraction of the population.

Similar conditions, if travellers are to be believed, prevail today. The improvement of the means of transport is the one thing which has lagged badly behind, in the progress achieved by the Soviet Government. It would have been, I suggest, the height of folly for the government to admit into the famine areas persons whose presence was unnecessary, who would cause still further congestion on the railways and add to the number of mouths to be fed.

Finally Sir William asserts that those Englishmen who favour a socialistic economic system will get no help from a study of the example of Russia. Does he really believe that those who have formed theoretical views on the government of mankind can learn nothing by the study of those theories in actual practice, in the only country where they can be studied? If so, I do not think he will find many scientific men to agree with him.

A. MITCHELL INNES

A SCHOOL PROBLEM

SIR,—Architectural exploration and other more accidental reasons took me a few days ago to a public elementary school for girls in an overcrowded tenement area in Islington. I was shocked by the close building of the blocks of tenements of some fifty years

back cutting out the sun from one another, at their bathroomless condition, their dirty entries and staircases. I was further shocked by the school buildings of about the same age with their small sunless playground, their ill-lit classrooms and corridors, the glazed brick prison-like surfaces of their interior walls and the dull green or dead mutton-colour of the paintwork. All this contrasted very painfully with the gaiety and brightness of both tenements and school buildings I had been seeing in Germany and Austria, or even with some of our own, as in Liverpool, where the value of bright new paint to old buildings is appreciated.

What, however, disturbed me more was to discover in this dreary district that a scheme of education, which seemed to offer some relief to such inhuman surroundings, was in danger of destruction by the application of a purely mechanical rule by the authorities. Briefly the scheme is this. Having carefully chosen her mistresses—that is the crux of the problem—the headmistress moves them up every half year with the girls. These are between seven and eleven years of age, so that their ordinary form work can be covered with ease by good mistresses. For drawing and special subjects they go to other mistresses. The point of the teachers staying with the children is that they learn to know them all individually, as a house-master can, in spite of the forty or more in each class. In the three or four years of contact affection can be established and bad habits eradicated and something done to make up for the home life in the housing conditions I saw. Anyhow, this scheme with the right mistresses appears from tested results to be a scholastic success as well as a moral one.

Now, however, the debacle is threatened. In spite of the already far too large classes in classrooms far too small, in spite of the empty classrooms in the same building, if any more children leave the school (the population of the area is fortunately a slightly decreasing one), automatically a mistress also leaves and with her going this hopeful experiment is broken up. The mistress goes away to join the group of unattached teachers on full pay at the divisional offices and the children must be redistributed. Classes already far too big at forty will be made bigger still in classrooms already overcrowded and there will be one more empty classroom in the building. Worst of all, forty children will be forced to change their foster-mother—I can think of no better term for these devoted teachers—and the accumulated knowledge of the children will be lost. Nothing will have been saved but a rule will have been obeyed.

C. H. REILLY

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

PS.—This rule which dominates education in junior schools is that the staffing is allowed, not on the scheme of work organised in the interests of the children, not even on the seating accommodation, but on the number of children being 10 per cent. above the accommodation, so that frequently there are children present without a seat, except in the empty disused classrooms. This, I am told, is happening all over London to-day.

THE HOUSING CENTRE

SIR,—Co-ordination for Economy, Propaganda for Progress, Information for Efficiency—these are the three lines to be followed by the Housing Centre, which is just being set up at 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

Various of the existing central housing bodies are combining to create the Centre, others are taking offices there. This fact alone will make for economy of effort. In the belief that without an enlightened public opinion the best housing legislation imaginable will fail of completion, a vigorous propaganda campaign will be developed, by means of exhibitions, films, lectures and literature.

Finally, the Centre will aim at stimulating and organising the research work now being carried on independently by various groups and individuals; and hopes, when funds permit, itself to set up a research department, which will serve as a training ground for younger men and women in the technique of housing.

ALLEN OF HURTWOOD
BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH
THELMA CAZALET
E. MAXWELL FRY

THE INDIAN CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Mr. H. N. Mukerjee's letter in your current issue throws an interesting light on the Indian censorship as it affects private individuals. It is not less interesting perhaps to realise how this censorship is effected.

On January 17th of this year we published *The Indian Struggle* by Subbas C. Bose. A few days later, in a small paragraph in *The Evening News*, it was reported that the book had been banned in India; and the following day we received a cable from our Bombay agent to the same effect. No official confirmation was forthcoming, however, until on February 5th, and then, only in answer to our inquiries, we received a letter from the India Office stating that the importation of the book into India had been prohibited by the Government of India under S.19 of the Sea Customs Act.

In this summary and autocratic fashion a book, described by your reviewer as "important and valuable" and reviewed favourably and at length by the responsible press in this country, can be withheld from the audience whom it most concerns. It seems possible that the reason no official intimation is given, either to publisher or author, is the unwillingness of the Government of India to attract attention to this side of its activities.

9 John Street, W.C.2. WISHART BOOKS, LTD.

WAR AND CAPITALISM

SIR,—Sir Norman Angell's long letter on the above subject in your issue of February 23rd would make a first-class examination paper for a student of imperialism. It contains more three-quarter-truths on the subject (and very clever three-quarter-truths) than any document I have ever seen. The trouble with Sir Norman Angell seems to be that his mind works on the principles of formal logic, e.g., "A" is not "B," and he assumes that the world works on the same principles. Unfortunately, however, for his grasp of imperialism, that is precisely what the world does not do.

Against the idea that imperialism is a method of disposing of the surplus of the home market he argues that the investing of capital abroad does not solve the glut, because *later* the investment gives rise to production in the country in which the investment is made, and this competes or may compete with home production, or at least will add to the glut in world production. There is no doubt that his description of what happens is true, but it is no argument against the fact that capitalism does try to dispose of its surplus products by investing abroad and temporarily succeeds. Sir Norman Angell seems to think that Marxists, whose theory of imperialism he is attacking, regard capitalism as a uniform system lacking any serious contradictions. As a matter of fact it is the whole Marxist case that capitalism is full of contradictions, and that its very attempts to get rid of the surplus products, while they provide a temporary alleviation, do not solve the problem in the long run, but simply add to it by, as Sir Norman points out, creating competitors in the one-time undeveloped areas.

It seems to me that many of his arguments against the theory of imperialism are based upon the assumption that the position of any capitalist country remains the same during the whole period of capitalism. For example, he points out that the British capitalist class does more trade with countries which it does not dominate—I suppose he means in the military sense—than with the Empire countries. He cites, for example, "Britain's" investments in the United States. He appears to have forgotten the fact that it was the military and particularly the naval strength of early English capitalism that played a most important part in providing and in widening the market which made it possible for British trade to cover the new world and for Great Britain to play such a very vital part in opening up what are now the United States. Has he forgotten, for example, that the United States was once a British colony? It is no answer to the Marxist theory to say, "Ah, but it is a British colony no longer," because the very essence of the Marxist theory is that every attempt by a capitalist class to solve the problem of the glut, while it may be successful for a certain time, eventually raises even greater difficulties than the difficulties it temporarily solved. To illustrate this point we have just got to note how Canada and other parts of the Empire develop their own industry and insist on competing with the industry of the home country.

It seems to me that the whole problem of imperialism cannot be understood, and for that matter, capitalism's main problem cannot be understood, unless it is realised that that problem is the disposal of the so-called surplus goods. This surplus arises, not because the population could not consume the goods, but because, although production is co-operatively carried on, the ownership of the products lies in the hands of a relatively small proportion of the population. To the existence of this problem of glut can be traced unemployment, war (not only military war, but diplomatic, monetary and tariff wars), restriction of produc-

tion, and to a substantial extent the development of trusts, which themselves are formed very often to try to solve the problem of glut, but eventually, like Imperialist adventures abroad, succeed in intensifying it. The fact that war and tariffs do not solve permanently the problem of glut does not prevent the capitalist class from trying them time and time again, any more than the fact that all men must die, prevents Sir Norman from eating dinner after dinner. It's the nature of man to eat and the nature of capitalism to make WAR.

J. P. M. MILLAR, Gen. Sec.
National Council of Labour Colleges, and Editor of *Plebs*.

15 South Hill Park Gardens, N.W.3.

THE ACADEMIC ASSISTANCE COUNCIL

SIR,—I thank you for your reference in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to the pamphlet recently issued by the High Commissioner for German Refugees, giving an account of the assistance to displaced scholars and scientists. I shall be pleased to send copies gratis to any of your readers.

It may interest your readers to know that in response to the urgent appeal for funds for the Academic Assistance Council, recently made by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Lord Halifax, Lord Londonderry and others, the German scholars in this country who have private means or have been able to re-establish themselves, have themselves contributed a sum of over £300 for the Council's work in the year 1935–6. The Council deeply appreciates this act of gratitude and generosity.

Funds are still urgently required to enable the Council to carry its work to a successful conclusion, and contributions will be gratefully received if sent to the President, the Lord Rutherford of Nelson, O.M., F.R.S., Academic Assistance Council, Rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House, W.1.

WALTER ADAMS
General Secretary

FORGETTING

SIR,—Y. Y.'s question whether a good memory is altogether desirable recalls Gladstone's criticism of Macaulay: " . . . he was perhaps assisted, or, as a censor might call it, manacled, by the perpetual and always living presence in his consciousness, through the enormous tenacity of his memory, of whatever he had himself thought, said or written, at an earlier time." Together with this, as Gladstone points out, he suffered from inaccuracy though not in regard to facts, because " He remembered his own knowledge, in the modern phrase his own concepts, better than he retained, if indeed he had ever embraced the true sense of the authorities on which those ' concepts ' were originally framed."

RICHARD BURN

9 Staverton Road, Oxford.

BIRTH CONTROL CLINICS

SIR,—Whilst gratefully acknowledging " Critic's " sympathetic notice of the Birth Control Meeting at Finsbury Town Hall, appearing in your issue of March 16th, may I take the opportunity of stating that we hope to open a similar clinic to serve the North West area of London?

The Willesden Borough Council have kindly permitted us the use of rooms at their Municipal Health Centre (1), 9 Willesden Lane, Kilburn, N.W.6.

Before we start we have to collect a sum of £200 and we shall be grateful for any sum, however small, that will help us to achieve our object. Contributions may be sent to my address.

I. BEDFORD
Appeal Secretary,
Willesden Women's Welfare Centre.

Lake View,
The Vale,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

THE LEFT THEATRE

SIR,—Among many others there is one comment that nearly all our Left Theatre audiences make: " We want English plays." It is a desire that this committee shares and behind this letter is a hope of its fulfilment. We think that we can claim that in the short period in which the Left Theatre has been in existence it has at least illustrated the contention that there are the best of reasons why the Socialist theatre should command the interesting themes. It holds up a mirror to a recognisable world: a civilisation founded on the struggle of classes and the oppression of whole races, and challenged by the construction elsewhere of a new civilisation based on Socialism. We want to turn that mirror to our own country.

The drama of a Socialist theatre necessarily evolves new themes which may lend themselves to presentation in the old form but more probably will develop new theatrical forms for themselves. It is possible that the desired native plays will be written by known and established playwrights: but it is not less probable that new writers will be found for new opportunities. It is with this in mind that the Left Theatre announces a play-writing competition which will close on September 1st, 1935. The prize is the production of the winning play by the Left Theatre. The result will be announced in this paper in the issue of October 18th, 1935. That is, with your kind permission. May we?

Full particulars and application forms for the competition may be obtained from the Secretary, Left Theatre, 49 Sharp's Lane, Ruislip, Middlesex.

MILES MALLESON
BARBARA NIXON
ANDRE VAN GYSEGHEM

Miscellany

AT WHILTON LOCKS

ON one side of the locks a green field spread until it reached a high embankment which was like a long green wall, hiding the lowlands beyond. On the other side of the locks, just beyond the stone slabs and the cobble-stoned path, was a line of red brick cottages, and beside the last lock an inn. Above the door hung a sign on which, against a dull landscape, an animal with long, curled horns was painted in vivid colours, and beneath it, in large letters, " THE SPOTTED COW."

Beneath the sign, leaning indolently in the doorway, was a young girl. Her skin was dark, her cheekbones were high, and her black hair was pulled back from her forehead and coiled in the nape of her neck. The morning sun shone on her face, gleamed on the many rings that adorned her fingers, on the bangles on her wrists, on the yellow hoops hanging from her ears, and on the cheap brilliants that encircled her neck. She wore a frock of plain brown serge and rubber boots which came up to her knees.

For a long time she stayed thus, looking idly toward the embankment where, at frequent intervals, north and south bound expresses went by, filling the air with thunder for a moment, then leaving behind a cloud of white smoke which, in a deeper silence, rolled and billowed over the meadows.

At the last lock but one there was a sudden shouting. A man appeared, his figure outlined against the clear sky. Running heavily to the gates, he put his feet to the little stone ridges, and, with his back against the huge wooden arm, he exerted his strength. Slowly the gate opened. An engine spluttered. Pushing both gates open further with their bows, two barges edged through. Gently they drifted onward, one beside the other, the water lapping at their sides.

The engine began to spit and to cough.

" Dang ye! What are you up to?" The man sprang down on to the barge.

" Nothin'."

" Blast! Leave it alone! You get up an' see to the paddles."

He went below into the little cabin, from which came a youth.

The girl looked at him with a faint interest. Then, as she noticed his sturdy figure, his crisp black hair and his good-looking, though grimy, face, in her eyes dawned a new light. Deliberately she stirred, changing the weight of her body from one foot to the other as she leaned against the door, but turning away her head as she did so. The hoops in her ears swung, her rings glittered redly, her bangles jingled. She waited a little while, then cast at him a sidelong glance.

He stood quite near, resting on the great arm of the gate of the lock beside the inn. The two barges edged slowly along. She moved again, but still he seemed unaware of her presence.

She went up to him, the tops of her rubber boots flapping against her calves.

" Hullo! " she said; and smiled.

He turned at the sound of her voice, stared at her, then spat into the water.

"Come on," he shouted.

The engine ceased. The man came up from the cabin and gripped the rudder. Side by side the barges nosed their way into the lock.

The girl ran swiftly along the stone slabs, crossed over the water by the closed gates at the far end of the lock, ran up the other side, and put her back to the other arm. Together the youth and the girl urged the creaking gates until they met. Then, as she re-crossed, he seized the handle and worked the paddles, wrenching at the ratchets with all the force of his powerful young shoulders. She watched him, openly admiring him. Beyond the lock there was a swishing sound. The water began to lose its blackness, turned brown-green as it was swirled about by the out-rushing water in its depths. In the lock the water went down steadily, and with it went the barges, until the head of the man had gone below the tops of the stone slabs.

As the youth waited, the girl came up to him again. She stood before him, so that he could not fail to see her, and watched him with eyes that keenly sought an awakening in his. He looked down at the lock to see if the barges had reached the level of the waters in the canal. She went still closer to him, and thrust her hand into the pocket of her frock.

"Have an apple?"

He glanced at it and took it from her.

"Cox's Orange Pippin—outer the orchard behind 'The Spotted Cow,'" she said.

"Yeh?" He thrust it into the pocket of his jacket.

She sat beside him on the gate arm, against which he leaned. Her arm touched his, but he did not move. She pressed it more closely until she could feel the firmness of his flesh.

"I don't belong there, of course." She sighed. "My father had a barge like this—*The Merry Maiden*. He's dead, and so's m'mother. That's a year or two back. My uncle used to have a barge, too, but he sold out and took over this inn. I miss it all. Wish I was back," she said, wistfully.

The rushing water ceased. He put his back against the gate arm and began to open the gate. The engine spluttered. Slowly, under the pressure of the bows of the barges, both gates opened wide. Side by side the barges crept out into the canal. The man threw off a rope and they separated, one lagging behind the other, until another rope between them became taut. The youth sprang on to the second barge and let his hand rest lightly on the rudder.

The girl stood on the edge of the lock and saw them go mid-stream. They went very slowly away from her, leaving behind them ripples that silvered and widened until they touched and slapped against the grassy banks. Her lips drooped and trembled. Two tears sprang to her eyes, paused there, and dropped.

Suddenly she tore off her bangles and flung them to the stones, where they rattled and rolled in circles and then pitched into the water. She pulled off her rings, the hoops from her ears, wrenched the beads from her neck. Quickly she uncoiled her hair until it hung like a black cloud about her face, stirred gently by a light wind. Climbing on to the gate arm, she waved.

In the distance the youth stared at her with momentary interest. He responded with an answering wave. Then, taking the apple from his pocket, he bit at it with his strong white teeth.

A little way ahead the canal turned. From the banks the fields spread out flatly, broken here and there by solitary, drooping willows. A wild-fowl flew low above the ground, passed over the canal, flapped swiftly toward the river, where it vanished among the tall green rushes.

The youth thrust the core of the apple into his mouth, spat out the pips into the water which rippled by, and turned his back on the lock. The girl became straight and motionless, as though turned to stone.

He had already forgotten her. Idly he swung the rudder.

DOUGLAS BOYD

NOTE ON θ, ϕ AND ψ

Whereas my lady loves to look
On learned manuscript and book,
Still must she scorn, and scorning sigh,
To think of those I profit by.

Plotinus now, or Plutarch is
A prey to her exegesis,
And while she labours to collate
A page, I grasp a postulate,

And find for one small world of fact
Invariant matrices, compact
Within the dark and igneous rock
Of *Comptes Rendus* or *Proc. Roy. Soc.*

She'll pause a learned hour, and then
Pounce with a bird-like acumen
Neatly to annotate the dark
Of halting sense with one remark;

While I, maybe, precisely seize
The elusive photon's properties
In a's and δ's, set in bronze-
bright vectors, grim quaternions.

Silent we'll sit. We'll not equate
Symbols too plainly disparate,
But hand goes out go to friendly hand
That mind and mind may understand

How one same passion burned within
Each learned peer and paladin,
Her Bentley and her Scaliger,
My Heisenberg and Schrödinger.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Ruggles of Red Gap" at the Plaza

This film is playing to packed and enthusiastic houses, but it is likely to disappoint the more sophisticated film-fan. The direction and photography are painfully pedestrian, and the dialogue, taken presumably from some pre-war play or novel, has none of the neatness which we associate with the best Paramount films. The story is a naïve affair about a very English valet Ruggles whose employer, an Earl, loses him at poker to a *nouveau riche* American. And the happy ending shows Ruggles blossoming in the fine democratic climate of the U.S.A. from a mere servant into a "man," i.e, a restaurant-proprietor. The sociologist may be interested in the class-values concerned, but they do not in this case provide effective satire. Mr. Laughton plays Ruggles, and Mr. Ruggles plays his employer; it is also, as always, pleasant to see Miss Zasu Pitts, and, as always, unpleasant not to see her in a fatter part. Mr. Laughton who almost succeeds in not seeming sinister, gives a most brilliant performance, and shows moreover that he can when he likes ladle out charm as prodigally as Sir Gerald du Maurier. The high point of the film is his beautifully modulated recitation of the Gettysburg speech: in the film it is used to emphasise the fact that a valet is equal to his employer, but in the present political situation of Europe the last words of the speech ". . . shall not *perish* from the earth" emerge with terrific and unintended significance.

"Death at Broadcasting House" at the Capitol

In transferring this story by Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell from the printed page to the screen, some essential filmic quality seems to have been missed; the material is promising, it is smoothly handled, pleasantly photographed, well acted by a strong cast—particularly by Harry Kendall, Ian Hunter and Betty Davies—yet the result resembles the screened version of a play rather than a film. The confection of too many cooks, perhaps? If so, they had excellent cinematographic intentions: the film is tidy and intelligent—but it lacks flavour. Although not amateurish (it has the briskness of slick charades), this talkie of a murder-story remains curiously, and perhaps unavoidably, "in the air." It lacks the compulsion of strictly box-office films and, murder

and all, except in one scene (the grim *rechauffé* of the victim's last lines on the blattnerphone, a gruesome audition), it lacks drama. Obviously if from the point of view of excitement more could not be made of the story, then less, in length, should have been attempted. *Death at Broadcasting House* would have made a far better film as a "short." Shifting suspicion, the minutiae of detection (who left these gloves near the body, and when, exactly?) may enthral the reader of crime fiction and possibly the theatre-goer, but unless consummately handled—in the good old flamboyant way, as in *Crime Without Passion*—on the screen they give merely a flat, police-court impression and leave the spectator cold. Here the details are, in both senses of the word, too prosaic, the dénouement too sudden, insufficiently foreshadowed, to be good cinema—which is, after all, the procession of shapes and shadows. Otherwise of course, the camera, given Broadcasting House to play in, could not very well go wrong, though it could, in fact, have done better with its angles and particularly as regards the lighting it chose to record: it is as difficult to believe that radio programmes are hatched in mid-morning by electric light as it is to accept an announcer smoking in front of the microphone.

"Frolic Wind" at the Royalty

Here is a play written expressly for the confounding of dramatic critics. Its third act is really unwarranted by the other two. It is unlikely, prolix, and quite startlingly uneconomical in cast and scenery. It is an adaptation from a novel, and we all know what that means. Nevertheless it is a most fascinating and entertaining play for which we thank Richard Oke, the author, Richard Pryce, the adaptor, and the extremely able company. The house-party is a sufficiently commonplace dramatic milieu. We are prepared for a flirtation, even for a spice of historic scandal at Pagnell Bois, whither four sisters, one of them a little demented, attract lions and good mixers at every week-end. But what we get is much more fantastic. *Frolic Wind* is a brilliant unreality, and it has sparkling dialogue, nimble wit and pointed characterisation, deserving the fullest acclamation. Henrietta Watson, in the part of her life as Lady Athalia, gives a marvellously finished performance, imperious dignity and humour beautifully blended. So does S. J. Warmington, in a peculiarly thankless part. The crucial scene between the two of them gives ten minutes of the best light acting to be seen in London. Fabia Drake does wonders with the intrinsically unconvincing Miss Vulliamy, and Basil Bartlett achieves a pleasant raw attractiveness as a young painter. This play should not be missed by discriminating theatre-goers.

Quentin Bell and Curtis Moffat at the Mayor Gallery

The two exhibitions at this agreeable Cork Street gallery afford a contrast which will set the visitor's mind wandering down the delusive and unrewarding avenues of aesthetic theorising. Mr. Quentin Bell cuts out pieces of coloured paper or newspaper, pastes them together, scribbles on them in pencil or water-colour, frames the result and produces what is best described as an "ornament." Mr. Curtis Moffat arranges objects—flowers, shells, girls, pipes—and photographs the arrangement in colour. His monochrome photographs proved him an artist of distinction, but these "near-nature" productions are for the most part curiously unpleasant. They resemble the most skilful pictures of the least painter-like R.A.s. Here is mimesis carried to a very high point—phenomena reproduced in two dimensions and shining as it were through a glaze of gelatine. Whether a greater accuracy of colour would make a photograph of a vase of flowers as sweet to the eye as the vase of flowers itself remains a problem; but those photographs merely grate upon the eye, except for a few which are in comparative monochrome. Mr. Bell's *collages*, on the other hand, have the vivid, immediate charm of tunes; by sheer taste they bewitch the eye. They do not try, as most great pictures do, to appeal to the complicated associations in our memory. But this modesty makes them within their chosen limits entirely delightful. Indeed they are much more flower-like than Mr. Moffat's photographs of flowers. Incidentally they cost three guineas each, while the prices of the photographs range from nine to forty-five.

Utrillo at Messrs. Wildenstein's

To-day there is a smell of warm tar, the daffodils are out in the park, the buses more-than-scarlet. And in the Utrillo exhibition at Wildenstein's this gay impudent rather wistful London spring of fresh-painted lamp-posts and new curtains seems to find its canvas counterpart. It is a child's power to find spring in the most unpromising sights and scenes, and some strange accident seems to have kept this childish fantasy in Utrillo entirely separate and secluded from the crude life of the man. The thicker the everyday skin, the more innocent the eye that catches the Restaurant Bibet with its plane tree outside glowing in the sun, the white clouds floating over. It takes a child's imagination to transmute a beheaded sawdust doll into the Sleeping Beauty. It takes Utrillo to evoke honesty from the incredibly hideous toy churches of Civry and Le Passage. Not only the naïveté of vision, not only the black outlines filled with gay and primitive colours, are childlike—so also are the very faults. Just as a child's spontaneity may suddenly collapse under the burden of shadow and perspective, so Utrillo's attempts to be sophisticated and grown-up produce a *Hôtel Moutant à Foix* which would grace the business notepaper of that institution better than the walls of Wildenstein's. The last few years have obviously been a difficult time for him. He has tried to put away childish things, and (to adjust the metaphor somewhat) has come perilously near losing the baby with the bath-water. Much of his later work is apparently done from the inspiration of postcards. In them the child-Utrillo discovers a magical world more real than life: but when the child plays truant (as it obviously did for No. 3) the unaided man merely succeeds in enlarging the postcard from 4in. × 6in. to 20in. × 30in. In his latest work he is once more true to his child's vision though he has abandoned the childish style. *Église des Abbesses* leaves us breathless with our first experience of the hush of snow in a mean street, the *Rue Norvins* is tantalising as a turning seen from the nursery window. In these days of Winnie-the-Poohs and mother-complexes, the world "childlike" is rated insult enough to make the toughest blench. Utrillo restores the conception to its original and biblical innocence.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 22nd—
- J. G. Crowther on "Science in Soviet Russia," London School of Economics, 8.
- Mass in B Minor, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Isolde Menges Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, March 23rd—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
- Athletics, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, White City.
- The Florian Lady Singers, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- Solomon, Piano Recital, Queen's Hall, 3.15.
- Russian and Siberian Music, Old and New, Studio Theatre, 59 Finchley Road, 8.15.

SUNDAY, March 24th—
- Joseph McCabe on "The Church Trouble in Germany," Conway Hall, 11.
- Richard Tauber and Irene Scharrer, Albert Hall, 3.
- Mrs. Raphael on "The Industrial Psychologist and the Modern Worker," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
- Kutcher String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- "The Machine of the Gods," Grafton Theatre.
- "Short Circuit," Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, March 25th—
- C. E. M. Joad on "Patriotism To-day," Conway Hall, 8.
- "Henry IV," Part II, Old Vic.

TUESDAY, March 26th—
- *Daily Mail* Ideal Homes Exhibition, Olympia.
- Dr. Leslie C. Jauncey on "Democracy's Reply to Fascism," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Archibald Robertson on "The Materialist Conception of History," Conway Hall, 7.
- "Worse Things Happen at Sea," St. James's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, March 27th—
- T. H. Marshall on "The Inevitability of Social Class," Le Play House, 35 Gordon Square, 8.15.
- "The Aunt of England," Savoy Theatre.
- "The Hangman," Arts Theatre.
- "Let's Be Gay," Embassy Theatre.

THURSDAY, March 28th—
- "The Alchemist," Princes Theatre.
- The Pudovkin Film "Mother," Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road. Also on March 29th and 30th.
- Demonstration of Colour Films. Western Electric Theatre, Bush House, 7.30.

FRIDAY, March 29th—
- Public Meeting to Demand a Budget for Peace. Speeches by Mme. Duchêne, Mr. Neil Lawson, Dr. Edith Summerskill and others, Essex Hall, Strand, 7.30.
- Institute of Psycho-Analysis. Dr. Susan Isaacs on "The Nursery as a Community," Caxton Hall, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE desire to over-simplify is a common and forgivable failing in men who have invented an important hypothesis, but in their followers it is apt to decline into mere bigotry. An explanation, within limits valid, is made into a Procrustean bed, and the phenomena are stretched or lopped to fit it. Thus human behaviour is made to be determined entirely by heredity, or by nurture, or by glands, or by *libido*, or by economics. And if you suggest that complicated effects may be the product of complicated causes, you are greeted with the condescending smile of the person who has received a special revelation. I have been reading *The Intelligentsia of Great Britain*, by Dmitri (*ci-devant* Prince) Mirski (Gollancz, 6*s*.), a Russian critic who, after serving under Denikin, lived in London for ten years as Lecturer at the University, and who then returned to Russia, where he has become *plus communiste que les Commissars*. A book on this subject written in the style of M. Berl's squibs on the French bourgeoisie would be a delight. Mr. Mirski does not make the usual mistakes of foreigners: unfortunately he has not heard of Day Lewis or Auden, but he is interested in Eliot, not Masefield, in E. M. Forster, not Mary Webb. John Strachey receives some kind words, but even he is rapped over the knuckles for mistakes due to his "bourgeois roots." The rest of our intelligentsia are merely condemned—if Socialists, they are called Social-Fascists; if unconcerned with politics, they are "decadent bourgeois." It is not a very interesting view, and really it would have been simpler to publish everything Mr. Mirski has to say on a penny broadsheet. For the padding is pointless: *A Passage to India*, for instance, is described as "a typical colonial novel of a bourgeois intellectual." Typical? But where are the others of its type? Again, Frazer's great work of comparative anthropology is treated as merely an attempt to encourage the bourgeois in sexual license. And why take the trouble to say that Aldous Huxley is "completely devoid of historical understanding," when all you mean is that he, too, is not a Marxist? Even Virginia Woolf is hauled over the coals for suggesting that "a room of one's own" is the first requirement of an artist. Was Mr. Mirski's book written in the clatter of a factory, one wonders—that might account for some of its dullness. For though he seems to believe that only Marxists can produce good books, this book, written since his conversion, is no better than the essays he used to contribute to what he calls "the petty middle-class *London Mercury*." At one moment, incidentally, he condemns D. H. Lawrence for his "bargee delirium." Are bargees no better thought of in Moscow than bourgeois, one wonders, or has Mr. Mirski forgotten that he is no longer a Prince? I think it was unwise of the Communists to allow the publication in England of this book, for it must give pause to all members of the *intelligentsia* who have velleities towards Communism in its Russian form. Its crudities expose Moscow aesthetics in a most unflattering light, and it confirms the suspicion that some official Communist circles at present are rigidly anti-rational. The Soviet Union Society for Cultural Relations (Voks) publish an equally depressing book called *Literature of the Peoples of the U.S.S.R.* (Martin Lawrence, 1*s*. 6*d*.), which I recommend to everyone interested in the future of civilisation. In it over twenty prominent Russian writers were asked the question "Are you free?" and they duly answered that they were free to be Socialist writers and free from bourgeois ways of thinking. A college of Jesuit novices being examined in elementary theology could not have answered more unanimously or more unconvincingly. When I read Max Eastman's *Artists in Uniform*, I suspected that its brilliant author was prejudiced by his admiration for Trotsky. But *Literature of the Peoples of the U.S.S.R.*, and less explicitly, Mr. Mirski, in many ways confirm Mr. Eastman's indictment.

This is all very depressing for those of us who would like to see fundamental changes in the economic pattern of our society, but Mr. Max Eastman shows that one can accept the Communist ideal of a classless society without being dogmatic or superstitious. His new book, *Art and the Life of Action* (Allen and Unwin, 5*s*.), is a most effective answer to the crude views devoutly expressed in the other two books. He is a brilliant writer and a most stimulating critic; and since he understands the nature of the artist he is competent to discuss the relation of art to society. Here is one of a number of passages which I marked to quote:

> Knowledge, as it becomes more scientific—more expert, that is, and reliable in action—becomes less and less capable of being conveyed in concrete images. It is indeed almost the essence of the mind's effort in science to depart from the concrete image, the aspect which things wear in experience, and to conceive and describe things, and give names to them, according to the *relations* in which they occur and by knowing which they can be controlled. An increasing gulf between poetic *perception* and practical *conception* of the world, between art and knowledge, poetry and truth, is therefore inherent in the growth of a culture that is scientific.

In fact, non-propagandist or "pure" art is the result not of "bourgeois decadence," but of scientific progress. Moreover, when the artist has, like Shelley or Courbet, been genuinely inspired by revolutionary ideas, the value of his work as propaganda has usually been small—Voltaire, Heine, and Victor Hugo in *Les Châtiments* are in this respect exceptional. Karl Marx (if I may be allowed a scriptural quotation) observed "Poets are queer birds," and readers, he might have added, are queer birds too. You can prevent a writer publishing non-propagandist works, but you cannot force him to write good propaganda, nor can you force the reader to devour bad propaganda. Indeed, the public receptiveness to propaganda of any sort is psychologically limited. The musician, fortunately, can struggle out of the strait jacket: he has only to write a symphony in the style of Tschaikovsky and call the movements by such names as *Paean for Dnieprstroy* or *Lament for Lenin*. Because the doctrine that all art is determined by economics is so obviously untrue, one must not deny that economics condition art. Gainsborough, in fact, did often waste his fragrant talent painting flattering portraits of rich people, which evidently bored him. But this does not help us to understand why he was a good artist, while Romney, working in similar economic conditions, was a bad one. Similarly some early Italians were handicapped by having to paint religious subjects. On the other hand, it was only the economic system which made possible the works of Shelley, Baudelaire, Hugo Wolf, Cézanne, and many other important artists whose work was not in their lifetime appreciated; and if Engels had not been a capitalist, Marx would not have had the leisure to write *Das Kapital*.

* * *

In the theatre and the visual arts there is evidence that the official policy is now to allow greater freedom. Moreover the publication and reading of Russian and foreign classics are welcomed. The official attitude to science seems more doubtful: naturally applied science is encouraged, but I fancy that there is a tendency to judge theories not by the balance of evidence but by their congruity with the Marxian *weltanschauung*. I do not know if the orthodox attitude to psycho-analysis and relativity has yet been defined; but any attempt to fix the *weltanschauung* at the level it had attained in the lifetime of Karl Marx would prove one of the gravest menaces to progress since the Reformation, just because made by those who in many respects command the sympathy of progressive-minded persons. No Government can prevent an artist from writing, or a scientist from thinking. But a society in which nothing can be published without governmental approval is likely to be dangerously static. During the Middle Ages it was a capital offence to question a number of approved beliefs, and the stultifying effect of this can be judged by the florescence which occurred when the prohibition was modified at the Renaissance. But in the Middle Ages all art did not have to be edifying—there was,

for instance, Chaucer. In Russia to write of officials as satirically as Chaucer wrote of the clergy is dangerous, as Panteleimon Romanov to his cost discovered. It is, of course, arguable that Russia being in a transitional phase, the official doctrines have to be adapted to the needs of the moment. But is this argument orthodox? Trotsky, indeed, concludes that "there is no such thing as proletarian culture and that there will never be any; and, in fact, there is no reason to regret this. The proletariat acquires power for the purpose of doing away forever with class culture and to make way for human culture." But Trotsky is a heresiarch, and a more orthodox view seems to look forward to a proletarian world in which the artists will be exclusively engaged upon pointing out how jolly it is to be proletarian. The point is, do you wish to give everyone the education and leisure required for the appreciation of Shakespeare and Beethoven, or do you wish all future Shakespeares and Beethovens to write nothing but simplified and propagandist works? Mr. Eastman writes:

> The aim of a rational revolution is not to drive men into a mould, but to set them free within the new economic conditionings, to live what lives they please.

I hope that this will not stamp Mr. Eastman as both a decadent bourgeois and a Social-Fascist? RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

Men of Good Will. Book VII. THE LONELY. By JULES ROMAINS. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

February Hill. By VICTORIA LINCOLN. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d. (Publication postponed till March 28th.)

A Clergyman's Daughter. By GEORGE ORWELL. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Via Bodenbach. By FERENC KÖRMENDI. Translated by RALPH MURRAY. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

Happy Man! By HERMANN KESTEN. Translated by EDWARD CRANKSHAW. *John Lane.* 7s. 6d.

If Not Jerusalem. By OSWALD HARLAND. *Ivor Nicholson.* 7s. 6d.

Coronation Baby. By ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Lucia's Progress. By E. F. BENSON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

The Diary of a Pensionnaire. By MARTIN HARE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté continues to grow. How will it all end? enquire the sceptics; and the response of M. Romains' most admiring readers is still slightly reminiscent of that of devout Christians when interrogated as to the meaning of the universe. Since so much majesty and skill have already gone into the inception of the design, can we doubt (argue the faithful) that its conclusion will prove equally satisfactory? Meanwhile, we are content to follow M. Romains as he moves on his somewhat mysterious way from volume to volume. . . . Speaking neither as a complete sceptic—one of those who resigned themselves to embittered agnosticism after volume three or four—nor yet as the kind of admirer whose delight it is to pursue M. Romains' imagination faithfully step by step through the labyrinthine world he has created, I have an idea that the conclusion may be a little tame and that the last act may be the least impressive of the entire cycle. To travel is more exciting than to disembark; and to travel with M. Romains is its own reward.

For there is no doubt that he creates the illusion of living. Even though the concluding volume of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* proves the whole of this enormous narrative to have been a sort of majestic hoax—the product of a miraculously fertile imagination run riot—we shall not lose the satisfaction of having breathed the atmosphere of that complex and poetic landscape which has sprung up round M. Romains' characters. No scene that he touches remains prosaic. M. Romains began his career in verse: and *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* at its best is an illustration of the good effects of a poetic training on a perfectly matter-of-fact and straightforward prose style. The "poetry" of the method is to be found alike in the sensitiveness of phrase that illuminates and transfigures some commonplace episode and in the poetic viewpoint implied by the author's approach. For M. Romains, as for Baudelaire, Paris is that

> Fourmillante cité, cité pleine de rêves,
> Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant . . .

and Book Seven continues to move amid its shadows, through the secretive phantasmal existence of great crowds. Jerphanion and Jallez reappear, Sammécaud and Stephen Bartlett, the English journalist. M. Romains spins their threads out a fraction further; then breaks off . . . and he leaves his readers to their private perplexity.

After *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, the average modern novel suggests a neat suburban villa set alongside the vast unfinished palace of some eighteenth century building bishop. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to be able to walk round the novelist's domain in a few strides; and, though *February Hill* is not a work of genius, it has the advantage of being a compact, very well written and remarkably readable book. Miss Lincoln is an extraordinarily accomplished story-teller; and in *February Hill* odd, diverting and picaresque, is the story that she is privileged to unfold. The Harris family are poor white trash of the most hopeless kind. Pa, though a Harvard man and the scion of a respectable New England house, is a confirmed and melancholic drunkard; Minna, his wife, a prostitute who, in the struggle to support husband and children, has returned to her old trade: Grandma, a withered but impertinent Jezebel. Their children respond to the disreputability of the Harris background with varying degrees of affection or repulsion. Dottie hates her family and achieves smug, though discontented, respectability by marrying a factory-hand who beats her; while Jenny, who is at the same time passionately attached to, and desperately ashamed of, Pa, Minna, Grandma and the others, finally marries the handsome bootlegger of her choice. Only Joel is dashed upon the rocks of social and moral orthodoxy against his will; for he is rescued from perdition by his paternal grandmother. But Joel, a romantic and bookish youth, never quite attains to the solidity of his immediate surroundings.

On the whole, *February Hill* is more impressive in its comic and Rabelaisian, than in its tragic and sentimental, aspects. Grandma and the tough little girl, Amy, who takes after her mother and grandmother, are superb figures of fun.

> Amy was sitting on the floor behind the stove, playing with the cat. . . . "Lay down," she said. "Lay down, you sonofabitch."
> Grandma stopped her rocking for a moment.
> "Why, Amy," she said mildly, "that ain't a nice word for a little girl."

YOU
CAN BE
SURE
OF
SHELL

> Amy rolled over on her stomach. . . Her wide black eyes fixed themselves upon Grandma with affectionate interest. "But he is a sonofabitch," she reiterated. "He scratched me."
>
> Grandma regarded the warm, animated little face. "Whether he is or ain't, Amy," she replied definitely, "that ain't no pretty word for a little lady. Proba'ly he is, but you've got no call to say so."
>
> Amy scrambled to her feet. . . . "To hell with Mutt, anyhow," she said. "I wish we had a dog."

Minna, too, is a memorable creation, sanguine, amoral, and good-hearted; and the story of her professional jaunts is brilliantly done. A certain strain of sentimentality that pervades the narrative should not detract from its popularity among English readers.

Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté is an unusually important, and *February Hill* an unusually entertaining, book; but of the other novels under review, though all are readable, not one stands out head and shoulders above the rest. Thus, *A Clergyman's Daughter* is ambitious yet not entirely successful. Up to page 93, Dorothy is the mild, repressed, self-effacing daughter of an East Anglian parson. At that point, however, after a distressing episode with Mr. Warburton, the local "bad hat," she loses her memory, wanders away from home and wakes up to find herself in London. There she joins a group of tramps bound for the hopfields. From Kent, she wanders back again to Middlesex; and in Chapter Three Mr. Orwell treats us to an elaborate set-piece, laid among penniless down-and-outs condemned to spend a night shivering on the benches of Trafalgar Square. This passage would be more impressive if it were less reminiscent of the celebrated Nightown scenes at the end of *Ulysses*. A good deal of the writing is uncommonly forceful; but Dorothy, alas! remains a cipher. She is a literary abstraction to whom things happen. . . . We have no feeling that her flight from home and her return to the rectory have any valid connection with the young woman herself.

Via Bodenbach and *Happy Man!* have been translated, respectively, from the Hungarian and the German. Both are pessimistic, both a little long-drawn, and both, one suspects, would make much better reading in their native tongues. This criticism has a particular reference to *Via Bodenbach*. The Hungarian public, I am told, loves short paragraphs and short impressionistic sentences; and during the first thirty or forty pages of the book an English reader, confronted with an interminable flow of interior monologue, ticked out as jerkily as the ribbon of a tape machine, asks himself if he will have the strength to continue the story. It is not until somewhat later in the narrative, when the protagonist begins to make the acquaintance of the pretty girl, the middle-aged man and the boy, who are travelling in the same carriage towards the frontier, that *Via Bodenbach* acquires speed and dramatic interest. The unravelling of the young woman's intimate tragedy gives this novel the focus that it seems to require. Alice Morek is a girl with an invincible attraction for men and —more especially—for young boys. From *Via Bodenbach* rises the air of nostalgia and dissolution that we associate with Central Europe just after the war; and the same aroma is exhaled by Herr Kesten's novel, *Happy Man!* Alice Morek is the victim of her own passions; Max Blattner, on the other hand, flourishes like the green bay tree because, at the conclusion of the narrative, he has come to terms with the stupidity, greed and self-interest that he finds all around him. But more interesting than the study of Max's disastrous transformation is the account of his early existence in Berlin, during the nightmare of the inflation period, in an establishment—"and there were plenty like it in Berlin at that time"—which is half boarding house and half free-and-easy brothel . . . Whereas Max Blattner is described as "a petty *rentier* of European pessimism," the pessimism expressed by Colonel Willans, hero of *If Not Jerusalem*, is based on a respectable, solid, argumentative and altogether less un-British footing. Back from the war, he discovers that his wife, distracted by the death of her son, has grown to hate him. Willans himself is much exercised as to the future of the tradition symbolised by his stately ancestral house; and in the closing chapter Markenfield is burnt to the ground. The book ends with a crash of melodrama and "noises off," when Mrs. Willans rushes to her death amid the flames.

Lastly, three novels of the pleasantest sort. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has already shown that he is a sensitive story-teller; and in *Coronation Baby* he weaves an agreeable book—part fictitious and part autobiographical—from the memories of his own childhood, between the coronation of King Edward VII and the warm and beautiful summer of 1914. The book is carefully yet simply written; and, as in everything else that pertains to the pre-war period, there is a certain pathos in his picture of those leisurely years. With *Lucia's Progress*, Mr. E. F. Benson returns to the chronicles of a small town. Lucia herself, the Mapp-Flints, Georgie, the old gentleman who practises *petit point*—it is all very diverting, faintly acid, but leaves behind it a feeling of having drunk too much China tea, played too much bridge, and eaten far too many buttered scones. More unconventional is Miss Hare's *Diary of a Pensionnaire*, the impressions of an Irishwoman left alone in Paris, who observes the vagaries and oddities of her fellow guests and writes up a daily journal of the life she leads. As we should expect from the talented authoress of *Describe A Circle*, the result, though occasionally facetious, is well worth reading.

PETER QUENNELL

EVERYMAN'S FREEDOM

Plain Ordinary Man. By ARTHUR RADFORD. *Routledge*. 5s.
Education and the Citizen. By COLONEL LOFTUS. *Routledge*. 5s.

Knowledge of an evil is the first step towards its eradication, and an age, like our own, which lacks economic stability and in consequence standards of conduct or settled beliefs, has at least the virtue of curiosity. The private diary and the social document are saleable. Both these books are excellent examples of their kind. The style is clear and simple, the matter informative, and the treatment objective. Both, I imagine, are intended to be read primarily by the more fortunate social classes. On reading the title of Mr. Radford's book, I saw instantly Mr. Punch's Everyman, the bowler-hatted suburban father with an income of some £500 a year. It was salutary to have this reflex inhibited and to realise once and for all that the "plain ordinary man" is a poor man, and a wage earner. Similarly those educated or teaching in expensive schools know nothing whatever about the grades and costs of State schools, of the difference for example between a Secondary and a Central school. Colonel Loftus makes it easy to know. Mr. Radford's book being largely a statement of facts which I am not competent to check, and with a minimum of personal comment (except the rather surprising opinion that a surgeon does not find his work intrinsically pleasant) is the more difficult to review. The thing that remains most vividly in my mind is his account of the marriage age in different classes.

> When population is classified occupationally it is found that the unskilled workers marry at the youngest average age, semi-skilled at the next higher age, then skilled and so on to the professions of medicine and the Bar. This fact would suggest that the tendency of most people is to marry young but that they wait until they can marry and maintain their status or the status of their group. The unskilled on this account have not long to wait; they soon reach their maximum rates. Society and pictorial newspapers seem to show that in the ranks of those who are born into maximum incomes or incomes at least adequate to their social requirements the age of marriage approximates to that of the poor.

And his moving description of the average day of a working class wife and mother should make the well-off male upholders of the Gretchen theory feel thoroughly uncomfortable. And if there are still people who believe in the freedom of labour contracts, they should read the chapter called "The Cog and the Wheel."

Colonel Loftus is more deliberate and direct in his attack on the privileged school and the classical-academic, culture snob, monastic kind of education derived from it. While little that he says of them is unjustified, in the present state of society, it is possible that the privileged school has its value. It can make, rarely though it does so, educational experiments which a State school cannot justifiably do because the parents cannot choose the school, and in a good school of this kind, if for no other reason than the size of the classes—twelve is quite large enough—the education may be better. Again under present conditions, when the only child is common in professional families, there may be more to be said for the boarding school as a means of psychological weaning, than Colonel Loftus admits.

The examination racket is puzzling because it is impossible to trace its authors. No don or teacher has a good word for it, yet it persists. Can the answer be simply that employers want to save themselves trouble in filling posts. Perhaps Colonel Loftus' next book will enlighten us.

Lastly three details: Colonel Loftus rightly condemns the untrained teacher (it is a pleasure to find the infant teacher properly appreciated), but says too little about the quality of the training given at training colleges, which is lamentably deficient; at what college, to mention only one example, does the student learn anything about his own psychology as distinct from child psychology. He recommends scouting as a remedy for class conscious-

ness, but as long as the movement is run by the upper class, it will succeed no better in this respect than the Duke of York's camp—it smacks too much of slumming; and he favours the supervision of hobbies by teachers—surely the essence of a hobby is that it is an interest chosen by the child for himself and preferably perhaps in opposition to the wishes of adults.

Mr. Radford and Colonel Loftus have much in common. They are intelligent, experienced and humane. Both expose faults in our society which no rational person can either deny or ignore. It would be unfair to say that both are disappointingly vague about remedies, because they are primarily concerned with the evidence, but, being humane and intelligent, they are, I think, unduly optimistic about the possibility of a humane and an intelligent change.

The difficulty about the class war is that few on either side know what they are fighting for or even that they are fighting at all. Do not these writers underestimate the power of their opponents? Does Mr. Radford think that a Bill, say, to make all property on death go to the Crown except an annuity for the first generation, or Colonel Loftus one to confiscate the endowments of Public Schools, would have the smallest chance of success? One would like to think so.

W. H. AUDEN

CRABB ROBINSON

The Life and Times of Henry Crabb Robinson. By EDITH J. MORLEY. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

What are the qualities that make a good diary? I should say spontaneity, wit, an eye for scenes and characters, an enjoyment of the trivialities of life, and continuous good spirits. None of these qualities was possessed in an exceptional degree by Crabb Robinson. He excels, rather, by being indispensable. We read his memoirs, not for the sake of "dear old Crabb," but for the meetings, dutifully recorded, with Goethe, Wieland, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake, Landor, Godwin, Hazlitt, Lamb and others. His accounts of these writers, though brilliant neither as portraiture nor criticism, contain much that is valuable literary history; it is impossible, for example, to arrive at a just estimate of Wordsworth's character without them, and several of Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare would have gone unrecorded but for Crabb Robinson's regular and critical attendance. He is famous, indeed, as the friend of great men. Quite rightly; and yet one feels that the original three-volume selection from the Diaries may have left out a good deal of personal matter which would have given us a more vivid portrait of the writer. Despite his repudiation of literary skill, he had an unflagging pen, and at his death in 1867, at the age of ninety-one, he left behind him thirty-five volumes of Diary, thirty of a travel journal, thirty-two of letters, four of reminiscences, and one of anecdotes. A new selection from this mass of material, which has reposed largely untouched in Dr. Williams' Library, might yield some surprises.

It is noticeable, for example, in the three volumes of the Sadler edition, that the personal liveliness of the early chapters tends to disappear as more attention is devoted to places and people. We come away with the impression of a packed and varied life from which the central figure has gradually been allowed to slip away. For a vivid portrait of Crabb Robinson himself we must turn to Bagehot's memorial essay, written in 1869 and reprinted as an appendix to Miss Morley's *The Life and Times of Henry Crabb Robinson*. "There are some men," writes Bagehot, "who cannot be justly described quite gravely; and Crabb Robinson is one of them. A certain grotesqueness was part of him, and unless you liked it, you lost the very best in him." It is precisely that, I think, which is missing from his published work. Bagehot goes on to describe him, in old age, as having a face "pleasing from its animation, its kindness, and its shrewdness":

> But the nose was one of the most slovenly which nature had ever turned out, and the chin of excessive length, with portentous power of extension. . . . He made a very able use of the chin at a conversational crisis, and just at the point of a story pushed it out, and then very slowly drew it in again, so that you always knew when to laugh, and the oddity of the gesture helped you in laughing.

He lived near University College, of which he was a founder, and gave breakfasts to which the elder students as well as men of letters were invited. The tea would be forgotten while the host wandered off into memories of Schiller and Goethe. There was a bust of Wieland, directly facing him across the table, from which no amount of conversational dexterity on the part of the guests could finally distract his attention. Everyone had to "undergo

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the bust" sooner or later. Arthur Hugh Clough would gaze at the old man in "a kind of terror" and go away muttering, "Not at all the regular patriarch!" "There was," says Bagehot, "a certain animal oddity about old Crabb which made it a kind of mental joke to couple him with great names."

Miss Morley's volume, based on the diaries published and unpublished, is meant as an introduction to a new selection from Crabb Robinson's writings which will be published soon. The scope of the edition is not indicated, but presumably it will contain a good deal of new material, including, one hopes, more of the "animal oddity" revealed by Bagehot. No one would wish to sacrifice the serious conversation and letters which passed between Wordsworth and Crabb Robinson during a friendship of forty years, but we should like to know also the moments when the two temperaments clashed. Travelling abroad, we are told, Crabb Robinson enjoyed chance encounters with strangers—a habit, added to other eccentricities, which met at times with a disapproving stare from Wordsworth, who preferred to be silent and self-contained. How far Crabb Robinson was aware of his own eccentricity (he was not intent on self-revelation), how far it may have entered unconsciously into his voluminous records, one cannot possibly guess. But it seems probable that some livelier touches may be added to a character who hitherto has appeared rather too sedately.

G. W. STONIER

SCIENCE WITHERS AWAY?

The Frustration of Science. With a Foreword by FREDERICK SODDY. Seven authors. *Allen and Unwin.* 3s. 6d.

The growing unrest among technicians of all kinds has penetrated to the innermost sanctum. It was only natural that the engineer and the architect should be first among them to get the wind up at the revolutionary draught blowing across the world. Their contacts with capitalist industry and its "inherent contradictions" are closer than those of most other technologists. It is by more indirect means that the research worker becomes aware of a chaos external to the order in his laboratory. First comes an increasing difficulty in obtaining costly equipment; then a shortage of skilled assistance, accompanied by the knowledge that scientific workers in every branch are looking for work; later perhaps even reductions in salary, the unkindest cut of all. By this time the most introverted of scientists may sit up and take notice, even though he himself has not yet actually received it. He begins to wonder to what extent his results are being used, neglected, or actively misused. He begins to ask questions at the urge of his insatiable curiosity, now aroused and operating in a, to him, new direction. He asks questions, moreover, to which he gets no satisfactory answers. Indeed, he generally gets no answer at all; the result of his experiment is not just negative, which can often be very useful, but simply absent.

Professor Frederick Soddy has contributed an avuncular, liberal-minded, and somewhat peevish foreword to these essays of disillusion, for the most part descriptive, critical, and entirely non-constructive. Penned by seven different scientists of some five different academic generations, whose views vary from the mildly radical to the concretely Leninist, they constitute a protest, documented and emphatic, at that frustration of scientific effort against which the book may be taken as in the nature of a manifesto. This frustration is found to be taking at least three distinct forms.

First there are the damning facts about aeronautical research, to which Mr. J. G. Crowther calls attention in an essay buttressed by official figures. This research, it appears, is financed with extreme parsimony in peace-time, and with lavish recklessness in war-time. So frustrative, however, is war itself that technical advance in the air is actually greater in peace than in war, though it is financed to only one-fifth the extent. This kind of frustration consists, then, in a deliberate starvation of research making for civil and social progress.

Sir Daniel Hall's essay on *Science and Agriculture*, and to a less extent Professor V. H. Mottram's *Medicine*, illustrate the second method, whereby the results of research are left high and dry in the records of laboratories and in journals, simply but firmly ignored as means of increasing human happiness and wealth.

In Dr. Enid Charles's *The Invention of Sterility*—wherein she skilfully summarises certain of the main arguments to be found in her book *The Twilight of Parenthood*—and still more in Dr. P. A. Gorer's somewhat phantasmagorial *Bacterial Warfare*, we are clearly shown the third type of frustration, either *in esse* or *in posse*. The use of scientific discovery for anti-human ends has flourished as long as organised warfare, but its deliberate and planned application to diminishing the population, whether one's own by a reduction of the reproduction rate or the enemy's by an efficient broadcasting of epidemic disease, are refinements that especially characterise this "so-called twentieth century."

Dr. J. D. Bernal tackles the largest subject, *Science in Industry*, in the longest essay of the book. He not only analyses with vigour and acerbity the current subservience of science to finance, but he has also allowed himself in the course of his exposition to indulge in a brilliant extrapolation of scientific development to a free society. Further, he realises, as the distinguished writer of the foreword apparently does not, that science itself can never govern or be master of the world. Science has its many compensations, but it is a full-time job and its results cannot be socially applied by those who have achieved them. As Dr. Bernal points out, "science" must sooner or later decide whom it will serve, and in this sense "science" is simply the body of working scientists.

Professor P. M. S. Blackett, in the concluding pages, expresses his own decided views on the choice of a master. But in spite of the fact that he has something to say about the scientist's obligation to work towards the desired goal, he has nothing to say about the methods needed to reach it, although in science understanding of a problem is inseparable from knowledge of the method of attack. Yet how many of Professor Blackett's fellow-contributors would accept even his rather nebulous conclusions and their implications? And what would be the repercussions of such acceptance on the policy of, say, the Association of Scientific Workers, to which at least five of the writers belong?

The layman may well lay down this important and informative book with some bewilderment, and no little alarm. These scientists who, in their own field, speak with a self-qualified authority that is the complete antithesis of religious dogmatism, here seem helpless, disgruntled ordinary human beings. Have these grumblings any real kind of social significance; do they indicate a pathological condition of a few individuals' minds or of a whole society's economics? If the latter, what have these scientific critics to put forward by way of solution or solutions? Do they,

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in fact, appreciate that the frustration of science to-day is only a special example of a very general case? Do they conceive themselves as in any way concerned with the simultaneous frustration of butchering, baking, and candle-stick making?

The layman will find little answer in this book to any of these questions. To that extent the book must be reckoned a failure; in so far as it causes scientists themselves to ask and answer these questions, it will be a success. The scientist is at present ideologically gasping in a partial vacuum; if he does not take heed he will be swept into oblivion by an overwhelming and unprecented gale.

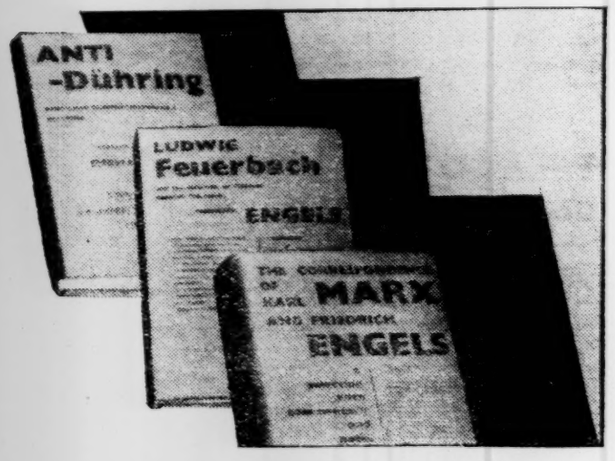
A. L. BACHARACH

A KING'S CONDITION

The Letters of King Charles II. Edited by ARTHUR BRYANT. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Bryant has followed up his *Life of Charles II* with an excellent selection from that king's letters and speeches, calculated to give a bird's-eye but vivid impression of the man's character. It is a method which might have been invented sooner and applied to several historic personages. For the reconstruction of the past in the form of biography cannot but falsify, however incalculably, the truth. The past, as Proust recognised, cannot be made to live again by knowledge and imagination alone; not even one's own past. How much less the past of history? But a man may, in his recorded words, build up an image of himself in which the irrelevant and unimportant details take their proper places, while the essentials rise to the top.

Charles II, in any case, has in his letters painted a self-portrait which is realistic and not too unpleasant. For if Charles was not a Good Thing, he was certainly a sympathetic man. He was far from incapable, though he made mistakes. Mr. Bryant would also rescue him from the reputation of idleness, and these letters and speeches do undoubtedly show a very busy person. But there is an intellectual idleness which is not incompatible with busy-ness, and I doubt that Charles, like many Englishmen, suffered from it. His qualities, in a word, are the qualities of a private person, while his vices are those inherent in the idea of monarchy.



Our usual copywriter is away, so we fill up with a photo-reminder of our Marxist series. Cole says he is going back to Marx—what's sauce for the goose should be good enough for NEW STATESMEN readers. *Anti-Dühring* is 7s. 6d., *Feuerbach* 3s. 6d., *Correspondence* 12s. 6d. Write for list of the others. Meanwhile *Chapayev*, which we suppose we must call the novel of the film, though William Plomer says it is much better, is going into a second printing (7s. 6d.). The young workers in the Soviet Union are reading this to know what their fathers paid for the Socialism they are enjoying. What that Socialism is, is described in *Socialism Victorious* (5s.). Another aspect of its achievement is found in *Twenty Years in Underground Russia* (2s. 6d.). Two anti-Fascist fighters are described in *Dimitrov* (2s. 6d.) and *The Memoirs of a Barber* (2s.). *Dimitrov* is the biography of that fearless fighter, reviewed here last week. The Barber was an Italian anti-Fascist—he tells a yarn as well as he no doubt shaved a beard. And recent news makes *British Imperialism in India* (5s.) topical.

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Indeed, it would be difficult to find anywhere a prettier indictment of kingship. That any portion of humanity, however small, should be content to live in such circumstances of mingled privilege and humiliation, and that they should like their fate so well as to be prepared to shed blood for its preservation, is most extraordinary. Charles was on the whole an honourable and humane person, a faithful friend in moderation, and a considerate lover. If he treated his wife like a cad in the matter of Lady Castlemaine, women were used to being treated so in those days, especially ladies of royal blood. And yet, so was his thinking muddled by the symbolism of kingship, that he could condole with the Dutch on their defeat by the English, his fellow-countrymen now become "the rebels" in his one-track mind; and could offer to serve the Dutch against his own country. He could join the enemies of Montrose, and promise to them what his honour could never allow him to fulfil. He could take his Irish regiments from the safe pay of France, to let them starve in Belgium on hopes and promises. And all for the *beaux yeux* of the divine right of kings.

Someone has said that Napoleon III was the only monarch in history who, when he lost his realm, would not consent to shed the blood of his fellow-countrymen in an attempt to recover it. Probably the dehumanising influence of kingship was not yet sufficiently bred in his blood. In the end, and by good luck, Charles won his kingdom bloodlessly, and tried to make his restoration as bloodless as possible. Good policy dictated that, and he was not brutal. But the fact remains that to the king, both before and after he was restored to his throne, the varied multitude of individuals over whom he ruled in England, Scotland, and Ireland were but a mythical and non-existent whole, his "subjects," whose blood he was quite prepared to shed, should that suit his purposes; whose happiness or desires came second to another mythical conception, England's Glory, in which phrase England was personified by himself; and whose religious prejudices mattered little if, by ignoring them, Charles could benefit his private pocket or his royal authority.

"Is it a king's condition or even the condition of a gentleman he can get?" wrote Hyde on learning of the promises made by Charles to the Presbyterian Commissioners. But kings are seldom allowed, by the very formula of their existence, to be even gentlemen. Their great protection is that royal symbolism cuts both ways, and the idea of their king formed by his subjects is generally as remote from any reality as the idea of his subjects formed by the king.

FLORA GRIERSON

BRIGHTON

Brighton. By OSBERT SITWELL and MARGARET BARTON. *Faber.* 15s.

Apart from a few passages of admirably Sitwellian *bravura* this is not a very ambitious book, but it is packed with the most enjoyable sort of historical gossip, which re-peoples Brighton with hundreds of half-forgotten and fascinating characters. It would be an ideal book to find in one's bedroom on a visit, and the unduly chivalrous husbands who take the Brighton road would find it a most welcome alternative to the genteel conversation of the ladies provided by their solicitors for the purpose of ostentatious but uneffected adultery. The only hostile criticism which we have to offer is that there is not enough about Brighton as distinct from its visitors: we should like, for instance, more about the architects of the noble terraces and squares. Mr. Sitwell evidently fell in love with the Pavilion, and its Indian domes and Chinese furnishings have led him to neglect the Corinthian columns and Ionic porticoes. He does not, we think, even mention the grey elegance of the Bedford, which harboured Mr. Dombey and his creator. Indeed his passion for the Pavilion (and how beautiful it now looks, repainted and floodlit!) makes him rather unfair to all who disliked it or its princely owner, especially to

> Thackeray, with his warped, middle-class outlook, poor, frightened, little mid-nineteenth century Thackeray, clinging to the raft of Victorian comfort and security, who first strained up to throw a boulder or two through the glittering, brittle windows of the Pavilion.

What, we wonder, would Mr. Sitwell have said to anyone so rash as to refer in such terms to his favourite Dickens, whose outlook was equally warped and considerably more Philistine? Indeed the reaction in favour of the Regent is becoming excessive: he had a nice taste in art, it is true, but there is not really much else to be said for him. And Mr. Sitwell is obliged to bring a plea of hereditary insanity in order to defend his royal client.

Mr. Sitwell and Miss Barton trace the history of Brighton from Neolithic times, when its flints made it "the Woolwich of its age,"

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to the opening of the London and Brighton Railway in 1841. We are shown Charles II making his escape to France in the disguise of a Roundhead, and then the gradual growth of the resort, beginning with Dr. Russell, who started a vogue for drinking, as well as bathing in, the sea water. Dr. Johnson returns from his rides on the downs to tea with Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney; Philippe Egalité appears, and Mme. de Lamballe swooning at the sight of a bunch of violets, a lobster or a shrimp; Martha Gunn, the bathing woman; "Jockey," Duke of Norfolk, protestant, fat, shabby, unrivalled alike in the number of bottles he drank and of bastards he begot; Mrs. Fitzherbert and her sister Lady Haggerstone, who invited the Regent to tea in her ornamental dairy and essayed for his benefit to milk a cow which turned out to be a bullock, Lord Worcester and Harriette Wilson; Lady Hamilton and her "attitudes," already middle-aged and on the road to penury; the meddling Mme. de Lieven; Lord Petersham in brown with brown horses and brown liveries, because of his devotion to a Mrs. Brown; another gentleman who not only wore nothing except green, but lived entirely on green vegetables; Sheridan meeting Warren Hastings eighteen years after his devastating indictment of him; Rossini, "a fat, sallow squab of a man"; the military camp which so much delighted Lydia Bennet, and a whole band of hearty, coarse, Corinthian bloods, the Mohochs of their age, with a passion for practical jokes, riding their horses upstairs, leaping them over orchestras, tying donkeys in bedrooms, and propping sham corpses in real coffins against the front doors of the quiet burgesses. Sir John Lade and his wife are an especially amusing pair (at least in retrospect). How charming his invitation to dinner: "I can give you a trout spotted all over like a coach dog, a fillet of veal as white as alabaster, a "pantaloon" cutlet, and plenty of pancakes as big as coach-wheels—so help me." And Lady Lade was the champion lady whip of her generation, and was described by a contemporary poet sitting on the box above her horses:

> And, as she guides them thro' the admiring throng,
> With what an air she smacks the silken thong.
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Life & Letters

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Dancing and gaming, curricles and cabriolets, timwhiskies and "tigers"—the scene is charming, but its picturesqueness covered an insensitiveness and savagery which Mr. Sitwell would have found unendurable. And it was in many ways to the good when George IV and his gross circle were replaced by the absurd William, walking on the chain-pier because it reminded him of the quarter-deck, chatting to the middle-class visitors, and leading a country dance in the Pavilion with Lord Amelius Beauclerk as his partner. For it was characteristic of the manners and feeling of the *milieu* which produced the exotic refinements of the Pavilion, that Princess Caroline was on her wedding night given by Lady Jersey, her husband's mistress, a strong dose, disguised in her food, of Epsom salts.

In recognition of this book Mr. Sitwell and Miss Barton deserve the mayoralty of Brighton; and may we hope that what they have done for Brighton, and what Miss Sitwell has done for Bath, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell will now do for the only other city in these islands (except, of course, Oxford and Cambridge) which deserves celebration, the magnificent and too little known city of Dublin.

R.M.

THE LOST ARCHANGEL

Strafford, 1593-1641. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Cape.* 15s.

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was so strong, so competent and so forceful a character, that even to-day one does not know whether to account him among the most unfortunate of men, or to feel that in the end he received his full deserts. There can be no doubt about his great abilities, nor can it be doubted that he was upright, honest, just, at a time when such virtues in statesmen with their way to make were rare.

His test as an administrator came, where so many men have failed, in Ireland. That he was an autocrat is true enough. But an autocracy which set itself against abuses of every kind, against the iniquitous system of land tenures, against the monopolists, against the corporations, against the "cornering" of corn and butter by the landlords, and that not in his own interests, but in the interests of those without power to aid him in the land which he was governing, was an astonishing thing. Small wonder that his many powerful enemies regarded him as Satan, and never ceased to plot and scheme until in the end they brought him to the block, and thus destroyed their best and strongest bulwark against the rising middle classes which were so soon to engulf them all together.

Yet, though in the end it was probably the enemies which Strafford made in Ireland who brought about his downfall, it was not for Ireland that the Commons insisted on his punishment, nor is it in respect of Ireland that even to-day he stands before the bar of history. Macaulay's "lost Archangel, the Satan of Apostasy" is too vividly painted a portrait to be easily forgotten, and at first sight there seems something to be said for it. But there is not much. Two views are possible: the first, that he was a champion of the popular party, a friend of liberty, another Eliot, seduced by the offer of a peerage to take sides with the King; and the other, that he was a monarchist from the beginning, but a monarchist without power or position at court, and therefore compelled, like many men before or since, to make sufficient stand to seem dangerous in opposition, and thereby force his way into the party of his choice on advantageous terms.

There can be little doubt that the second of these possibilities is the true one. To assert that such conduct is admirable is unnecessary, but to stigmatise it, as Macaulay did, is not only unhistorical, but ludicrously unjust. Strafford was an autocrat from the beginning, and he was an autocrat for the same reason that first-rate men of business are often autocrats. He detested disorder. He hated waste, he hated corruption, he hated incompetence. And, because when he looked around his little world he saw these things on every side, he trusted only in himself and his few immediate friends.

Miss Wedgwood's sober apology for Strafford is admirable on this point. She sees him neither as a saint of God, nor a "Satan of apostasy"; and her account of his administration in Ireland, which might so easily, by avoiding extremes, have become meritoriously dull, is as interesting, and even exciting, an account of the production of order out of murky chaos, as one well could want. Moreover, from that time onwards to the end, her narrative, which in the beginning seems a little halting, as if she found it difficult to pick from her materials just those incidents which will portray her subject in the light which she needs for its clear development, becomes round and sure and full. The story of the trial,

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of Strafford's defence and Charles's folly, and the bitter hatred of the populace, moves surely to its end, and is indeed a fine piece of historical writing.

And yet one feels that there is something wanting. Was Strafford, after all is said, unlucky? Did he not meet with his deserts? Autocracy is a dangerous tool to play with, and the man who handles it can afford few weaknesses. Strafford had one weakness, and one which was there from the beginning—his respect for the Royal power. To be an autocrat oneself is one thing, to work for the autocracy of another is different. A Richelieu knows that he himself is king, a Louvois is only possible under a king whom he can trust. Strafford was in neither of these positions. Over and over again he sees what is to be done, he explains, and then he finds himself betrayed. Yet his respect persists. He can rule everyone except the King, and from that weak man he suffers humiliation after humiliation and at last betrayal. Once, at the beginning of his career, he succeeded in forcing the King's hand. It is curious how he never dared do this again. It is curious and it was his great weakness. The Hampdens and the Pyms have time upon their side; the Richelieus and the Louvois can succeed; are not the Straffords, however competent, however strong in other ways, fated to fall at last?

RALPH WRIGHT

FROM KAISER TO FÜHRER

Germany in My Time. By M. SEATON WAGNER. *Rich and Cowan.* 6s.

Mrs. Wagner's book is, in several ways, valuable. Whereas most writers upon German subjects have almost inevitably cut up the story into rigid chronologically watertight compartments, *Germany in My Time* provides a thread of continuity from the heavy prosperity of the William II days up to the hysterical confusion of the marks of wealth with those of poverty which exists to-day. Mrs. Wagner's book, moreover, gives the most exact picture that one could hope to procure in English of the ordinary, not very politically conscious, middle-class German point of view; it is decorated with a little more shrewdness, and a little less soul-searching, than a completely German author would have been likely to achieve. Her comment upon the over-organisation of pre-war Social Democracy reminds one of that brilliant analysis of German Socialism which Jules Romains puts into the mouth of Robert Michels. She is right to emphasise the Barmat and Sklarek scandals, which did so much more than is usually realised abroad to discredit the Weimar Republic. But perhaps Mrs. Wagner's homage to Hitler is most illuminating of all, for it is the exact reflection of the admiration he has been able to evoke among that mass of persons who often in the last case exercise great political power though they lack political understanding. It is really rather startling to find, after a chapter devoted to the indestructibly Rich Men of Germany, that "Hitler . . . knew that the ethics of *The Ring* and not the music were the principal concern of its creator. Love of money is the root of all evil—the tragedy was over when the Rhine Daughters received their fatal gold again." Mrs. Wagner again expresses the ordinary person's view of the resistance of the Protestant Church to National Socialism. In England, we, with our seventeenth-century tradition behind us, tend to regard this as a fine struggle against those who would trample upon the individual conscience. In Germany the man who sits opposite you in the train (third class), though he is not a member of the Party, complains of the verbosity of these pastors who must always argue about things which are of no real interest to anyone; of any other interpretation he is completely unaware.

Mrs. Wagner at one moment shows a very exact understanding of the spirit of Potsdam, at another she gets romantic over the *Gretchens* of to-day, or re-echoes the formula that "healthy pacifism" (the new German synonym for militarism) is all right. While she presents her reader with this perplexing combination of perspicacity and dogmatic acceptance of current phrases and attitudes, her purely descriptive work has a real, literary quality to which Mr. Vernon Bartlett's foreword justly does honour. Mrs. Wagner shows a remarkable power of dramatisation in the chapter which describes life in a post-war tenement house in Berlin. Here she sees clearly and writes fluently, and the long ambiguous sentences of other chapters are conspicuously absent. What she writes about literature and the theatre is admirable, too. It is strange, again, to find someone with so acute an appreciation of Sudermann, Piscator and the Manns, who is yet so content with the Burning of the Books in 1933; "the idea in itself," she writes, "was by no means without a foundation of both sense and taste." One closes this book with a self-righteous, almost Nazi, feeling, that women should write novels if they want to, but they should not be allowed to dabble in politics! E. W.

SHORTER NOTICE

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There was a war-time transport instructor who, when teaching lorry-driving and meeting a small car in a narrow lane, would shout at his pupil "Drive on! You've got the biggest weapon!" "Hogging" is less prevalent to-day and is likely to become rarer still now that new motorists must first qualify for a driving licence by passing a Test. Would-be motorists could not do better than read Mr. Symons's little book before taking practical instruction, and a study of its pages would enable many experienced motorists to "brush up" their driving.

Week-end Competitions

No. 262

Set by V. S. Pritchett

I have often thought that the "This England" principle might be applied to novels as well as to newspapers. There ought to be suitable short passages in the works of, say, Meredith, Sir James Barrie, Hall Caine, Mrs. Henry Wood, Arnold Bennett, George Moore, Gissing, Kipling, Dickens, Thomas Hardy, Charles Kingsley, and Bulwer Lytton. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for one quotation from any four of these writers.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 29th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 260

Set by Gerald Bullett

Let us suppose that Henry James receives from a very young woman, in whom he takes a grandfatherly interest, a copy of *Ulysses* accompanied by a letter passionately urging him to read it. Having done so, Henry James writes to his young friend; and for this letter (not more than 400 words) we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea.

Report by Gerald Bullett

I confess myself disappointed by the response to this competition, a response which, however, confirms my suspicion that Henry James is no longer widely read. For this, it may be, his literary disciples are in part to blame; for in hands less skilful and from minds less rich than his own, that ultra-subjectivism in method, and that passionate pursuit of fine intellectual shades, can yield little but tedium. There are writers who, though not strictly inimitable, should never, so far as style is concerned, be imitated, except for the mere fun of the thing. Henry James is one, and Virginia Woolf another. And Joyce himself is a conspicuous third. Such styles as these may be admired or not admired, but certainly they should never be borrowed.

Most competitors failed to take account of the fact that Henry James was a brilliantly skilful as well as a highly mannered stylist. They thought to be heard for their much speaking. But, whether you attempt parody or imitation of that great man, verbosity is not enough. Polysyllabic circumlocution, where it exists in James's work, is for the most part merely incidental to his striving after an impossible exactitude: it is the effect (more infrequent than it is fashionable to believe nowadays) of an excessive richness and agility of mind, not of poverty, though pompous over-elaboration does occasionally occur. For this reason I had all too little difficulty in rejecting at sight the great majority of entries. In respect of three of them, however, I find it impossible to persuade myself that any one of them is decidedly, and upon the whole, better than the other two. I therefore recommend that the total value of the two prizes be equally divided among Joan Jukes, G. E. G., and the author (name and address, please!) of the letter to "Dear Carniola."

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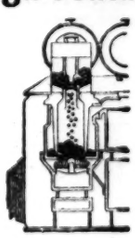

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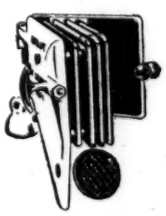

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The first of these, if she had sustained the level of her best passages, would have won, I think, the First Prize; and all three have lapses as well as excellences. Rowley Mile deserves admiring mention.

I

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

To express to you in three words my gratitude for your gift, I hadn't in the least had it in mind that the book you would send me—which, in the light of its having been constructed from raw material of the least, to my mind, accommodating, I should, if I did not take it as now already too late, have deprecated your opening for so much as a mere glimpse—would be of such a grossness, would so abound in communications too crude for me to judge it at all useful to gather them in. On my first looking into it, indeed, with, I have to confess even at the risk of showing as hopelessly pre-war, a kind of chill, an odd revulsion, it of a sudden rolled over me that this book was nothing whatever, not the least little bit to the purpose, and I verily believe it hung in the balance a minute or two that in my aversion I was prepared to "chuck" it, once and for all, aside. Even as a consequence of another go, and my asking myself, from time to time, precisely what the deuce this writer was so powerfully driving at, I did not, committed though I was to the attempt up to the intellectual eyes, in the least pretend to conceive what he meant. My blankness at this juncture derived however not so much from the difficulty of perceiving the special drift of his intention, which I couldn't, as I say, at the first blush quite catch, as from the phenomenon of me, of all people, being at a loss to detect such an article. It was, of course, all this while, abundantly present to me, that, particularly in connection with this work (which you so rather liked),—since, I mean, it quite reaches the state of now and then fairly brimming over with freshness of treatment, and one couldn't here certainly find the least possible trace of expectedness,—one should not ponder too deeply what it is about,—all the more that what on earth, in places, is it about? Accordingly I've, as you suggested, simply thrown off to you in a word my regret that the strength and power so overflowingly here displayed, should have been, to such an amazingly high degree, unselectively and unprofitably applied.

Thank you none the less for your gift. You are, I hope, at this time, my dear, well and happy. With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

J. JUKES. Henry James.

II

Hôtel D'Or,

MY DEAR JOAN, Champs Elysées.

Penelope's man duly arrived, and to convey sufficient or something approaching from whatever distance and however inadequately to sufficient thanks to you is, I find with much, and how much even you would hardly appreciate, regret, a feat rather beyond my scanty and waning something of practice and, it may be, of dexterity. But "What," you ask so politely if ever such a shade impatiently, "do you, in your own mind and all formal protestations apart, 'really' think of it? Isn't it," you ask, "quite magnificent?" And perhaps there's a *soupçon* of malice in your remark that as an admirer of that exquisite "modern" Proust I must admit that in Mr. Joyce Proust has met more than a peer. How curiously absurd, though, are these comparisons and gradings, made rather as if we were hucksters pricing eggs. Here is this Mr. Joyce whose delicate work in *Dubliners* gave me delight years ago producing an epic so vast, so apparently chaotic yet rich that it at first quite bowled your admiring servant over. Not until those few, altogether perfect, pages describing the strand at Sandymount is one sure that an artist rather than a quite decidedly inspired bungler is at work. For me now a new enthusiasm is not lightly to be undergone, yet I feel one sweep over my resisting self all too ineluctably.

Not to say there aren't flaws in plenty; chances of showing the interplay of characters lost and *nuances* missed; how shocking Flaubert would have found the startling changing difficult technique. Yet Zola would surely have applauded, for in no work since his is such a mass of the very tissue of life present; the drab Dublin streets are turned to an Arabian Nights scene—Burton's translation *bien entendu*—and against this so vividly imagined background, grotesque yet real as in a Dickens novel, the great figures of Bloom and his vulgar wife loom with the boldness of a mountain.

The fullness and richness, the intensities and bloom of life are the novelists' material and so amazingly much of this material, despite pedantries and patches of anarchy, has been coerced into *Ulysses* that my craft has been verily transformed.

By the way, what your charming mother would say did she realise the *moeurs* of the literature read by the *jeune fille* nowadays is something I tremble to consider.

I repeat my poor thanks and remain,

Your friend and admirer,

G. E. G. Henry James.

III

DEAR CARNIOLA,

Your so un-wonted gift, urging a not quite general predilection for an author thus little kindred in taste or chastened in chosen diction and select expression, has imposed upon the recipient a task for which his scope and qualities are possibly not attuned, nor aptly fitted to catch the chance mutation of the gyroscope of Time, now (it appears) turning back to a more Rabelaisian gusto of appetite deemed natural, a preference for the analysis of function quite physical and an adoption of phrase directed by the lower, if wider, strata of (is it?) Irish society to the frank acceptance of each biological quavering of the nervous system and quickening of the muscular apparatus termed *par excellence* by the non-Ciceronian humanist as human—a task, I say, little genial to a training (if it be so), or at least ascêsis in the Hellene or monastic meaning, directed to apprehend and make germane the more delicate tissues of cultivated intelligence, holding out (so to say) hands ever so pathetic to the robuster shores of common existence, touched still so plaintively by the tears of more mortal ideation, yet carried inconvertibly in the frail skin-stitched bark of the Stygian waterman to a haply yet clearer, if more arduous, sensibility of the Finer Shades, the more Elysian verdure and celestial-reflected canopy of the divine stratosphere, as it were mirrored, imaged and immutably eternised in the still gardens and soundless windless Lethe-washed vacation of Persephone's opiate-calmed devotion. O to the cult of the spiritual daughters of Hades, dear young lady, to the poppied soothing dream of a not-tangible, not-visible pallor and superincumbent apperception and wholly wise Theoria, lend rather the acuter ear, the finer gaze, the steadier passive patience, eschewing the blatant Dionysiac manifestation and orgiastic crude sops-in-wine of the (may I so obviously characterise?) Aristophanic Dublin pot-house cellarer and barman?

Yours too little (certainly) Occam-quilled or Irrefragable-founded,

Henry James.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 117.—TRIANGULAR TEST

The three revolutionaries were paraded in the market-square of Hava-Banana.

"This," said the President, "is what we have arranged. You three fellows will each be given a pistol, with two rounds of ammunition in the magazine. You will take up your stations at the angles of an equilateral triangle, so that each of you is 20 yards from each of the others. When the signal is given, the first to fire—that is Carlos—will fire one shot at one of the other two. He can choose whichever he pleases.

"Then Miguel will similarly fire one shot—if he is alive, that is—and after him, Juan; subject, of course, to the same condition.

"Each in the same order may then fire a second shot, should this further expenditure of ammunition be necessary. The survivor in this thrilling contest will be set free; the non-survivors will be buried with full military honours."

"Suppose there are two—or even three—survivors?" asked Carlos.

"In that case," said the President, grimly, "the two—or even three—survivors will be scientifically consumed by ants!"

Juan never misses his man. Carlos, on an average, misses him once in every three shots. Miguel, who is a poor shot, can only be relied on to get him once in two attempts. Each of the three revolutionaries is fully conversant with the capacities of the other two.

What are their respective chances of survival?

PROBLEM 115.—CHUMP'S WIFE WAS SUCH A NUISANCE

The chain of inference is a very simple one, the position of the diners (going round the table clockwise) being:

"Myself."
Mrs. Chump.
Miss Dimity.
Chump.
Mrs. Dimity.
Mrs. Podge.
Dimity.
"My wife."
Podge.

It follows that Chump is Mrs. Dimity's son. The latter was a Miss Penguin; she married Dimity in '21, a year after old Chump died.

I am surprised at receiving claims of "no solution." These are based on the presumption that Miss Dimity is Mrs. Dimity's daughter. In fact Miss Dimity is one of the Hampshire Dimitys, a very superior branch.

PROBLEM 114.—THE NEUROTIC

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: L. J. Alcock, 12 Bedford Place, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICE

A Final Appeal

Anyone who has helped to raise funds for social purposes (which must include the majority of " N.S. & N." readers) will not need to be told that the last lap is invariably the hardest.

I.S.S. has trained (or is training), advised or placed 1,600 German Refugee Students. 500 of these have been helped in England and are taking up employment abroad; China, France, America, Palestine, South America, Turkey and Holland are among the countries where appointments have already been found.

The careers which they follow include Teaching, Medicine, Economics, Commerce, Engineering and Agriculture.

The very small number of Refugee Students helped by I.S.S. who remain in England take up appointments of a strictly non-competitive nature. In no case are they placed where they will aggravate our own unemployment problem.

Our Final Appeal is issued to the generous readers of this journal who have helped so magnificently in the past. It has this two-fold purpose:

1. **To complete work already in hand.**
2. **To accept the final 100 cases urgently needing our help.**

The total sum needed for the two purposes is £10,000. We can go straight ahead and complete our task by the summer of 1936 if sufficient gifts and promises come in at once.

May we beg you from the bottom of our hearts to make possible the completion of this great unselfish effort. By responding to this Final Appeal with your usual generosity and promptness, you will literally save the lives of many young men and women who cannot in any way be blamed for their desperate position.

The following have identified themselves with this work and have personally contributed to it:

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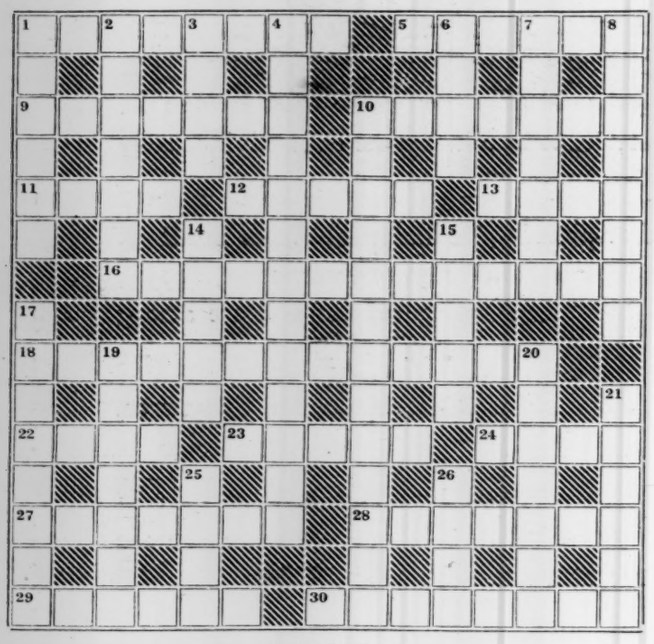
3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 263

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
G. H. Douglas, 39 Oak Avenue, Ickenham, Middlesex.

ACROSS

1. The bill to go to the assistant priest.
5. Continental cherry brandy.
9. A prosperous daughter so to speak.
10. He would not call class war good form.
11. One of the things by which Aaron consulted 28.
12. Elias in an ancient refuge.
13. This creature ought not to be caught on April 6.
16. No doubt the sort of timepiece a taximeter is.
18. Does he give instruction in fractions?
22. Not the Venerable Bede.
23. Such a person would of course be scratchy.
24. It's not good to live in a regressive fashion.
27. Suitable for Soviet pencils no doubt.
28. Godly replies.
29. Back in twice to an honoured saint.
30. A join in the coral?

DOWN

1. Plate for the Fleet.
2. I'd turn up with a car on account.
3. The price of a tear.
4. Not only changed hands but the whole body.
6. I hurried into modern Persia.
7. A musical movement gets its inner being from her.
8. Hark! A bed fit to eat.
10. European who holds up the wires?
14. In this case one had better be packing.
15. An arc less than 1 across.
17. This leader is often put to flight.
19. Not the Lady but the Man with the Lamp.
20. The rain falls outside this part of the fortification.
21. "But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar; I found it in his——."
25. A second-class mark.
26. At this time the answer's usually a lemon.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

H	O	P	S	C	O	T	C	H	■	F	A	C	T	S
A	■	E	■	L	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	O	■	U
L	O	C	K	U	P	S	■	N	O	N	P	L	U	S
F	■	C	■	C	■	T	■	H	■	L	■	L	■	I
B	L	A	C	K	I	E	■	O	R	I	F	I	C	E
A	■	V	■	■	■	■	U	■	G	■	N	■	■	■
C	L	I	N	G	■	P	O	S	T	H	A	S	T	E
K	■	■	■	U	■	L	■	E	■	T	■	■	■	A
S	P	O	O	N	F	U	L	S	■	S	O	C	K	S
■	■	L	■	P	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	T
O	L	D	G	O	L	D	■	S	E	V	E	R	A	L
R	■	N	■	W	■	E	■	C	■	E	■	T	■	Y
C	H	I	L	D	E	R	■	A	B	S	T	A	I	N
I	■	C	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	T	■	I	■	N
N	A	K	E	R	■	R	O	A	D	S	E	N	S	E

Note: Collins—"Pride and Prejudice."

"My dear young lady, you mustn't worry . . . the Brand's Essence will soon revive his strength"

When the power and will to fight back to health must be sustained in a sufferer almost too gravely ill to hold out at all . . . when an enfeebled patient has to be restored to strength yet the very thought of food is repugnant to him . . . at such times of crisis doctors turn usually to Brand's Essence.

In sickness give
BRAND'S
BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE
Brand's revives strength

From chemists everywhere

IAN HAY

Major Ian Hay Beith, The Celebrated Author, writes:

"The greatest enemy to human life is Cancer. He is a particularly invulnerable enemy, because though we are learning to repel his onslaughts with increasing success each year, his base of operations is still a scientific mystery; and, therefore, we require two armies to fight him. The one is called Treatment, and the other Research—and one day Research is going to destroy the enemy altogether. Will you, therefore, see to it that neither our Defence Force nor our Expeditionary Force ever lacks the sinews of war—the greatest War in which humanity has ever fought?"

Will you please send a special gift to The Earl of Granard,

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W.3

The man who doubted if HOWARDS' ASPIRIN *was the* BEST

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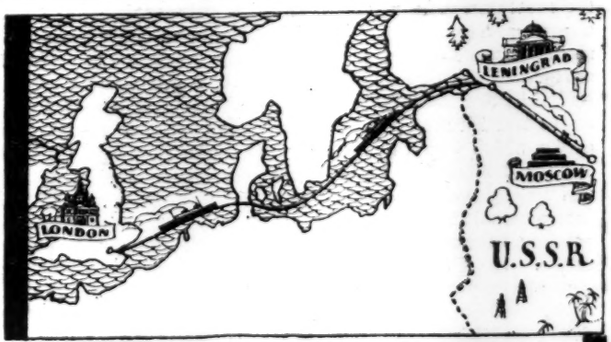

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'Phone: Nettlebed 41

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

GILT-EDGED AND THE CRACK IN THE GOLD BLOC—BELGIUM AND BRITISH INDUSTRIALS—AMERICAN UTILITY HOLDING BILL ANALYSED

STOCKBROKERS have two grievances these days—lack of business and lack of gratitude on the part of clients. The other day a client instructed his broker to buy 1,000 shares of an industrial company. When the execution of the order was reported he was politely asked by the broker whether he would like to be kept in touch with market movements in the shares. "Don't bother," said the client, "when they have reached the price you gave, you can sell them." Perhaps the client was not really a cynic, but merely a confirmed pessimist—painfully sure that the trend of commodity and security prices has become downward. As far as London is concerned, cheap money should prevent the fall in fixed interest stocks going very far. Last month, for example, the joint stock banks were again forced into the gilt-edged market for lack of lending opportunities elsewhere. Not long ago, when gilt-edged stocks were touching the 2¾ per cent. yield basis, I took the view that they were too high, because the yield did not allow sufficiently for the political risk. After a fall of about 5 points—8 points in the case of 2½ per cent. Consols they are not so vulnerable. Until the gold bloc collapses, a stabilisation conference is called, and something like an international rate of interest returns, the maintenance of cheap money in this country is not really in question. The gold bloc, apparently, can go on cracking for a time without breaking into pieces. Belgium is no longer working the gold standard. Exchange dealings have been put under the control of a Government commission and no one can buy or sell gold, or buy foreign securities without a Government licence. In other words, the Belgian Government has taken the measures which any Socialist government would take to prevent a flight of capital. Nevertheless, the gilt-edged market in London is distrustful of the gold bloc future and the investing institutions remain anxious to lighten their load of British Government stocks, if they can, so that any recovery in the gilt-edged market will probably bring out further selling. Not a suitable market, clearly, for anyone to go "long" of stock.

* * *

The industrial market is even more sensitive than the gilt-edged. The report that the Belgian cabinet had resigned, and the rumour that the belga was to be devalued, caused an immediate fall in British iron and steel, cement and brick shares. I do not think that holders of cement or brick shares should worry, but the depreciation of sterling has been a more powerful protection to the iron and steel industry than the tariff of 33⅓ per cent. In 1931, we imported 1¼ million tons of semi-finished steel and Belgium accounted for nearly half. Last year we imported only 454,625 tons. The iron and steel industry will no doubt obtain a higher tariff, but a devaluation of the belga does not only threaten an increase in our imports: it may start a general setback in our steel exports. No doubt our iron and steel "bosses" will now consider the wisdom of joining the International Steel Cartel. If the new Belgian cabinet refuses devaluation until the bitter end, we shall be grateful for the respite, but it is only a question of time before the advantages of trading with a depreciated currency in "on gold" Europe will be lost. This would not be alarming if the "off gold" countries were wholeheartedly pursuing a common expansionist policy of public works and increasing the volume of trade with each other. Unfortunately, the "off-gold" countries are neither wholehearted nor united. An increase in British exports to the off-gold primary producers must depend mainly upon the trend of commodity prices. And this is now downward—largely because of the economic collapse of Germany and the confusion, drift and lack of confidence in America.

* * *

For relief, let us turn to another scene of trouble—the Government attack on the public utility companies in America. No doubt the holding company Bill will be amended in various parts, but the final outcome is bound to be very unpleasant for holders of many utility stocks. The main provisions of the Bill are as follows:

(1) All public utility holding companies will be required to register with the Securities and Exchange Commission by October 1st, 1935. (2) The Securities and Exchange Commission is required immediately after January 1st, 1940, to unscramble the holding company omelettes—or, in official words, "to direct every registered holding company to dispose of securities or to be reorganised or to be dissolved so far as may be necessary to make it cease to be a holding company," except (*a*) holding companies whose continued existence is necessary for the operation of a geographically and economically integrated public utility system, and (*b*) holding companies whose business and that of its subsidiaries are confined to a single State. Notice of orders to be issued under these powers by the Commission must be given after January 1st, 1938.

(3) After January 1st, 1937, a registered holding company which has in its system an electric utility undertaking may not also own, or own securities of, a company producing or carrying natural gas.

(4) After January 1st, 1937, a registered holding company which holds operating companies in the United States may not have an interest in an operating company outside the United States unless the latter is economically and geographically integrated with other properties in the system. (If compliance with (3) and (4) by January 1st, 1937, would cause unnecessary injury to investors or consumers the Commission may extend the period of grace, but not beyond January 1st, 1939.)

(5) Every holding company is required to keep accounts according to uniform methods of accounting prescribed by the Commission and, except in the case of refunding issues, may issue only three types of securities: (*a*) common stock having a par value, (*b*) bonds secured by first lien on physical assets, or by first mortgage bonds of subsidiary operating companies, and (*c*) receivers and trustee securities.

* * *

How will these provisions affect the big companies in which British investors have taken an interest? The American Gas and Electric would probably be exempt under 2 (*a*) and Consolidated Gas of New York, Consolidated Gas of Baltimore, Public Service of New Jersey, Niagara Hudson, Pacific Gas and Electric, Detroit Edison and Southern California Edison under 2 (*b*). Possibly North American will also be saved, for it is popular in Washington because it co-operated with the Government in lowering rates in its territory. Public Service of New Jersey and Consolidated Gas of New York, in spite of their exemption, are vulnerable, because their rates are relatively high. The Government has indicated that a proper charge for residential rates based upon a 50 k.w.h. monthly consumption would be 5½ cents per k.w.h. The rates charged by the Consolidated Gas of New York are 6.1 cents and by Public Service of New Jersey 7.6 cents. The American Waterworks and Electric is also vulnerable for the same reason. Companies which would be hit by (3) would be Columbia Gas, Cities Service, United Light and Power and Electric Power and Light and among those hit by (4) would be Electric Bond and Share, International Hydro-Electric, Utilities Power and Light, and possibly International Telephone and Telegraph, if it is subject to the Act. Clause (5) would drastically reduce the earnings as now reported of such systems as Commonwealth and Southern, American Power and Light, National Power and Light, Utilities Power and Light, Electric Power and Light, and Standard Gas, which made inadequate allowances for depreciation.

* * *

I am indebted to an American brokerage house for the following list of holding company common stocks which would have little or no value in the event of liquidation:

American Power and Light.	National Power and Light.
American Superpower.	Standard Gas and Electric.
Commonwealth and Southern.	Stone and Webster.
Electric Bond and Share.	United Corporation.
Electric Power and Light.	United Light and Power "A."
Engineers Public Service.	Utilities Power and Light "A."

A few of the preferred stocks of these companies, for example, Electric Bond and Share $5 and $6 preferred and United Corporation $3 preferred, might come out better on liquidation than the present market prices suggest. A curiosity is the 5 per cent. and 5½ per cent. debentures of Utilities Power and Light, now quoted at 31 and 34, which would probably benefit from liquidation. This company controls through a Canadian subsidiary the Greater London and Counties Trust, which in turn owns over 70 per cent. of the ordinary shares of Edmundsons' Electricity Corporation, quoted on the London Stock Exchange at 42s. per £1 share. It is estimated that the break-up values of Utilities Power and Light debentures are nearly double the present market prices.

Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

SIR ERNEST BENN'S SPEECH

THE Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution was held on Wednesday in London.

In moving the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet for the year 1934, the Chairman, Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, Bt., first referred to the heavy personal loss they had all sustained by the death of their chairman Lord Revelstoke. Continuing he said (in part): I am deeply sensible of the trust thus conferred upon me and I need hardly say that my endeavour will be to carry on the onerous duties of the office in close conformity with the high traditions set by my eminent predecessors.

The disturbed condition of the world is not alone due to mistakes in public administration, but also, and perhaps more, to a very general forgetfulness of the economic and even the ethical and moral foundations upon which social well-being depends.

In repairing that forgetfulness the world might do worse than examine the principles upon which Institutions like our own are founded, for they are very closely related to the essential principles of the good life, using " good " in the very widest sense of the term. Insurance thoughts are long distance thoughts and have a better perspective than the hand-to-mouth opportunism which tends to absorb so much of our attention in public affairs.

Insurance recognises that sacrifice must come before benefit, and denies the wisdom of a policy of something for nothing. That is a thought which might with great advantage be more widely applied. I am not now arguing for or against State assistance in one direction or another, but reminding you that every benefit received by anybody is in fact preceded by a sacrifice on the part of somebody.

If the members of the House of Commons could regard themselves as members of a mutual insurance office when the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolds his Budget, we might expect to see some drastic changes in the arguments and the figures. Present-day difficulties would then rank behind future prospects. Instead, for instance, of subsidies to some industries, money would be forced into all industries by the natural method of the redemption of debt.

Whether or not my apprehension at the rate of public expenditure and the dimensions of public debts is well founded, no shred of doubt can exist as to the service of the insurance offices in making the national position safer.

NEW BUSINESS, £4,000,000.

Nineteen thirty-four was in every respect a record year for New Life Assurance Business; in number of policies issued, in net sums assured and, what is perhaps most important, in new annual premiums. The steady increase, year by year, in the new assurances granted, not only by this Institution, but by Insurance Companies generally, indicates a progressive appreciation by the community of the value of life assurance as a protection to dependents and as a provision for later years. We ourselves have the immense satisfaction of achieving the four million mark in new business, thus showing that the confidence of the public in this Institution is more firmly placed than ever.

It is my duty to direct your attention to the serious consequences of the continuous lowering of the rate of interest. New money cannot be invested at such rates as will give to the Institution the return it has hitherto enjoyed. While we have been fortunate in avoiding an actual drop in the rate earned upon our fund, indeed, the rate has slightly improved, yet if the rates now prevailing have any permanence about them, then bonuses may be affected and premium tables may require to be revised.

At our last meeting we congratulated the Government on the success of the great conversion operation which reduced the rate of interest on War Loan from 5 to 3½ per cent. We gladly acquiesced in the imposition of temporary political restraints upon the money market. This year, also in full accord with the best of City opinion, it is our duty to express regret that those restraints, wise and necessary as they were for the transitory purpose for which they were undertaken, have still to some extent been maintained. The longer the delay in restoring the full benefits of natural freedom to the money market, the longer will be the necessary stages of complete restoration to natural economic health. Cheap money is of small avail without the liberty to use it.

ASSETS. STRONG POSITION.

At 31st December last the total funds of the Institution amounted to £22,383,979, an increase of £647,278 over the corresponding figure of the previous year. This compared with an increase of £749,963 in 1933, the smaller increase last year being due to the fact that, owing to investment difficulties, single premium business was discouraged and the amount received by way of single premiums last year was only £33,776 as compared with £205,263 in 1933.

The fact that only a small proportion of our assets has been invested in foreign countries has proved a source of strength to the Institution in the trying times through which the world as a whole has been passing in recent years. But while we are able to congratulate ourselves on

(Continued in next column.)

the comparative security thus obtained many of our members will, on broader grounds, deplore the necessity for following the fashion in economic nationalism and will pray for the speedy return of the days when by trading freely with one another nations were able to make their own contributions towards the economic well-being of the whole world.

As a result of a cautious and well-conceived investment policy in the years before the depression, we are now in a stronger position than we have been at any previous time in our long history. The Balance Sheet figures take no account whatever either of appreciation or realised profit since December 31st, 1932. We are thus in an exceptionally strong position to withstand any untoward market circumstances, should these unhappily arise in the future.

If you will refer to the Revenue Account you will see that the Commission and Expenses of Management together amounted to £198,555 and this figure compares with £199,770 in the year 1933.

Among the signs of returning economic health the recent activity in house building gives us cause for great satisfaction. Our house purchase advances for the year were 45 per cent. higher than in 1933.

The Triennial Valuation will take place at the end of this year.

It is, of course, impossible to say now what surplus will be disclosed by the forthcoming valuation. I may, however, be permitted to say that if our experience continues to be favourable this year, I see no reason to doubt that the next Bonus declaration will be of a thoroughly satisfactory character.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Sir Herbert Barker SHOES

A message from Sir Herbert Barker, the eminent specialist in Manipulative Surgery.

"Nature is always striving to correct deformations—I use that word deliberately in preference to deformaties—and to an appreciable extent she does correct them if allowed to do so. Consequently, as succeeding generations wear these shoes, not only will their feet become more healthy, but the general health of the community will improve."

Herbert Barker

Sir Herbert Barker speaks with authority, for he is acknowledged to be one of the greatest living specialists in the world today on the human foot. The Shoe he designed, which is both pleasing and stylish, marks a new epoch in comfort-giving footwear. No one who has experienced the luxurious ease provided by this shoe will ever again be likely to wear ordinary shoes made on old-fashioned lasts. Models for men and women obtainable from over 100 agents in leading towns.

Sports models now available.

● **WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET** describing how Sir Herbert Barker discovered the ideal Shoe—also copy of "Truth" investigation. A postcard will do.

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MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., S.
APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM. Variety. Sat.
DUCHESS. Cornelius. Wed. & Sat.
GLOBE. Youth at the Helm. Tues., Thur
HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.
LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Sat.
PHOENIX. "Family Affairs." Thurs., Sat.
PICCADILLY. There Go All of Us. Th., S.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
ROYALTY. "Frolic Wind." Th., Sat., 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Tu., Fri.
WESTMINSTER. Chase the Ace. W. & S.
WHITEHALL. Viceroy Sarah. Tues. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. 6404.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HYDE PARK CORNER by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

DUCHESS. Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
RALPH RICHARDSON in
CORNELIUS, by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Tues. & Thurs., at 2.30.
OWEN NARES,
ADELE DIXON KAY HAMMOND in
YOUTH AT THE HELM.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
Vera Pearce. Wylie Watson. Bertha Belmore.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686-7. 8.30. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST MADGE TITHERADGE ROBERT DOUGLAS.
in **THEATRE ROYAL.** LAST WEEK.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
"FAMILY AFFAIRS."

PICCADILLY. Gerrard 4506.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., THUR. & SAT., 2.30.
"THERE GO ALL OF US."
MATHESON LANG and BEATRIX THOMSON

QUEEN'S THEATRE. (Ger. 4517).
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed & Sat., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.

ROYALTY. (Gerrard 7331).
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
"FROLIC WIND," by RICHARD PRYCE.
Based on Novel by Richard Oke.

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903. TUES. NEXT, 8.15.
Subs. Evgs., 8.30. 1st MAT. Thurs., March 28, at 2.30.
GLADYS COOPER & RAYMOND MASSEY
will present YVONNE ARNAUD in
WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.

ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE. (Tem. 1443).
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS in
MAN OF YESTERDAY.

WESTMINSTER, Palace St., S.W.1. (Vic. 0283).
Monday, March 25, at 8.15. Subs., 8.30.
Matinees, Weds., and Sats., 2.30. FOR TWO WEEKS,
CHASE THE ACE.
A new Play by Anthony Kimmins.
EDWARD CHAPMAN, ERIC PORTMAN, BASIL RADFORD
7s. to 1s. 6d. incl., all bookable.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692).
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. and Sat. at 2.30.
IRENE VANBRUGH in
VICEROY SARAH.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
BOX OFFICE OPEN.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.
Run suspended until Mon., April 29.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
10th WEEK.
MASKERADE (A),
with Paula Wessely.
Also com. March 25, Raimu in *CHARLEMAGNE* (A).

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
MONDAY, 25th MARCH, for SEVEN DAYS,
The Czecho-Slovakian Idyll,
REKA
(YOUNG LOVE).
Parking facilities. Seats bookable by 'phone, Ham 2285.

Two Kino Premières of Outstanding Soviet Films
"MOTHER" (Pudovkin)
Based on Maxim Gorky's novel.
THURS., FRI., SAT., March 28, 29, 30.
"STORM OVER ASIA" (Pudovkin)
Also *OIL SYMPHONY* (Russian).
THURS., FRI., SAT., April 4, 5, 6.
Both at 2, 4.15, 6.30 and 8.45 p.m. daily,
At DENISON HOUSE,
296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (1 min. Victoria Stn.).
Tickets: 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. (res'd); 1s. 6d and 1s.
KINO, 84 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
Evgs., 6.30 & 9. Mat. Sats., 2.30.
CORPS DE BALLET, SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,
HAROLD TURNER, TDZIKOWSKI and
NEW VARIETIES. Prices 1s. 3d. to 8s. 6d.

SCHOLARSHIPS

MILL HILL SCHOOL, N.W.7.
Entrance Scholarships.
An examination will be held on the 29th May (preliminary) and 6th to 8th June (final) when several Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition to candidates who are over 12 and under 14 years of age on 1st April, 1935.
The value of the Scholarships varies between a nominal sum and a maximum of £100 per annum according to (1) the financial position of the boy's parents; (2) the standard of the boy's attainments. Two of the Scholarships at least, however, are of a minimum value of £80 per annum. Valuable Ministerial Exhibitions are also offered for the sons of Christian Ministers.
Candidates who do not win Scholarships may be accepted for admission to the School without further examination, provided that their work is of sufficient merit.
For further information and application forms, apply to the BURSAR, Mill Hill School, N.W.7.

SEDBERGH SCHOOL.

TEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £100 to £40, are offered for competition. Examination on June 7th and 8th in London or alternatively at Sedbergh.
The SHERRIFF EXHIBITION of £75 is also available, and several EXHIBITIONS, value £80 to £30, for boys whose parents are in need of financial assistance. Apply to the HEADMASTER, SEDBERGH.

CONFERENCES

F. P. S. I.

EASTER week-end at Stratton Park, Micheldever, Hants. Thursday, April 18th (dinner) to Tuesday (breakfast).
Speakers: R. W. POSTGATE on "The Technique of Revolution."
NORMAN HAIRE on "The Legalisation of Abortion."
DR. BJARNE BRAATOY on "The Future of International Socialism."
JOSEPH WALDMANN on "Why Hitler Succeeded."
Informal discussions on:
"Is peace before Socialism the cart before the horse?" Opener: C. E. M. JOAD.
"F.P.S.I. Jobs that want doing." Opener: JANET CHANCE.
"The Meaning of sexual freedom." Opener: A. A. BURALL.
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